The Literary Digest

FOR JUNE 5, 1937

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Mail

Sacred Cows

By DR. B. A. DANIELS—

The sacred cow controversy in your Mail column stimulates me to suggest a Florida origin for the word:

Any one who wants to know all there is about these bovine creatures need only drive down here to learn just how sacred a cow can be. The Florida highway cow is far and away the most sacred object we have in Florida. Ask any of our State Legislators! Tampa.

Test-Tube

By MANUAL AYALA—

I wish to convey my satisfaction with your article, "Cuba, Health-Insurance Test-Tube," issue of May 1. I assure you that you have presented a perfect picture of the situation here. A number of copies of your article have been translated into Spanish. Passed from hand to hand, they have aroused surprize that none of their native-language periodicals has offered such a complete history of the growth of the Mutual Benefit Societies.

Testing your accuracy by this article, THE DIGEST must be entirely reliable.

Guayabal, Cuba.

Working Wives

By AN INTERESTED READER—

Your article "Working Wives and Others' Bread" was in accord with a discussion we had at a birthday party last week. The thought occurred to me that you would like to hear from those who know (the working wives) just why a great many do work after

(Continued on page 43)

TELEPHONE GREETINGS ARE *timely* AND *personal*

WEDDING

ANNIVERSARY

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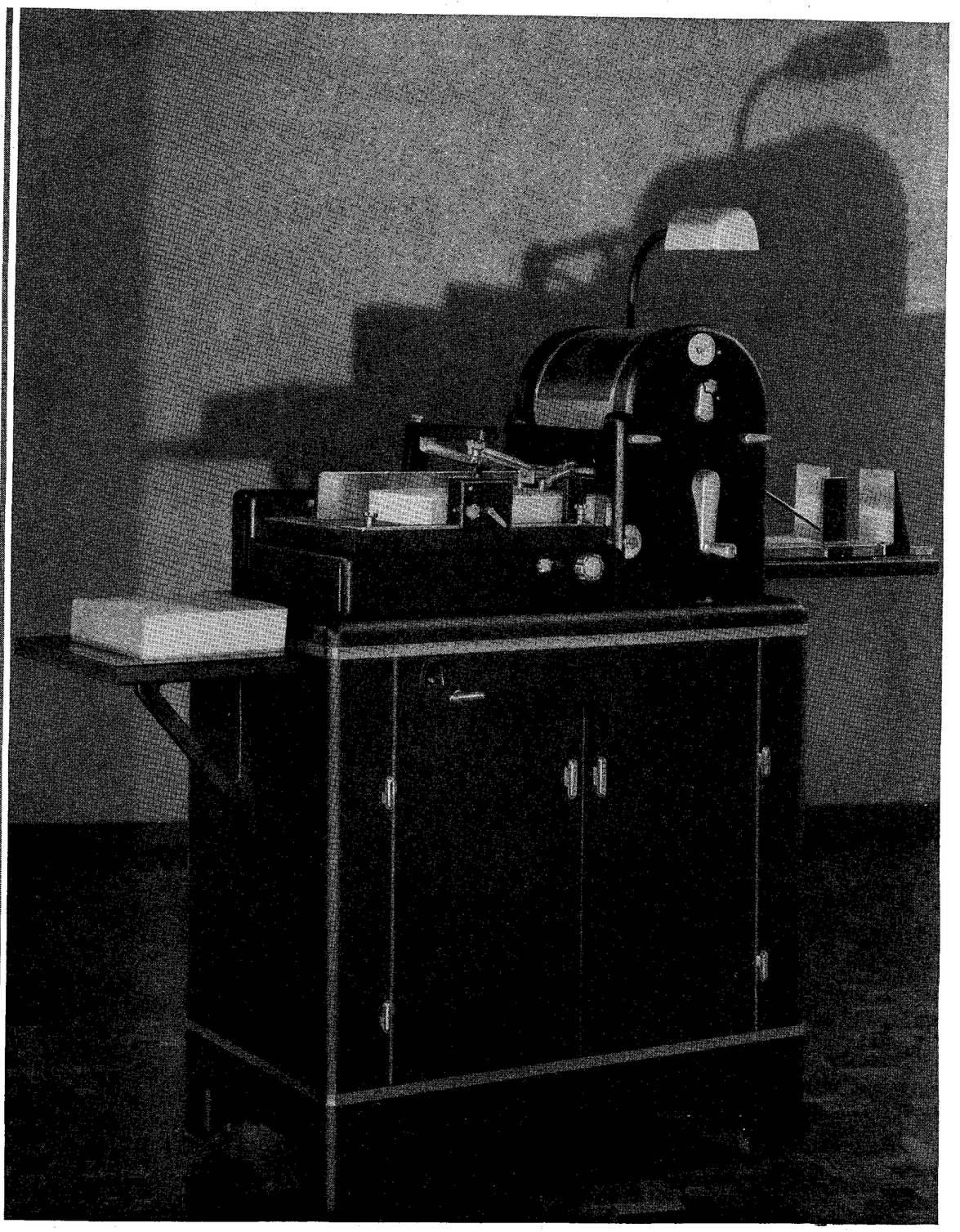

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK JUNE 5, 1937

Topics of the day

ANTISEMITISM? IT COULD HAPPEN HERE

Anti-Jewishness Unofficial in Education, Commerce, Suburbs

In Italy and Poland last week, the wave of anti-Semitism that long had inundated Rumania and Hitler's Germany tossed its angry spray across the seven seas and set Jews aquaking in every quarter of the globe.

Even in these United States. True, America as yet has seen no prison-camps, lashed no hapless outcasts to beasts' burdens (see cut). But the vast majority of *Uncle Sam's* 4,500,000 Jews knew what it was to be unwanted in certain schools, in certain professions, in many a suburban community and pleasure resort. And for who knows how many of them, such ostracism cut deeper than any Cossack's knout.

When Dictator Mussolini's newspaper a few days ago hinted that Italian Jews should accept Nazi persecution of German Jews in silence (see Foreign Comment), anti-Semitism gained a new recruit, its world-tide became more formidable.

That this tide is rising in the United States is the reasoned view of many Jewish thinkers in this country. Others disagree.

History—The Italian development sprang from political motives, but anti-Jewish riots which convulsed Polish cities several weeks ago sprang from the ancient racial prejudice of Eastern Europe.

In Germany, relentless racial persecution continues.

Many American Jews of prominence are loath to discuss the issue of anti-Semitism in this country. Questioned, they insist that it is, if anything, decreasing. But others, saying a policy of silence defeats its own aims, express their apprehension of the situation frankly, giving instances to justify it.

Almost all Jews who discuss the matter hold that Nazi propaganda in the United States primarily is responsible for any increase in anti-Semitism here. A secondary cause is held to be the miseries of millions because of the depression.

In the United States, anti-Jewish feeling finds its strongest expression in business and education, secondly in social life. Studies of its business aspect in New York City, where approximately a third of the population is Jewish, show discrimination against Jews in many fields.

In education, few institutions will admit they limit Jewish opportunities, tho that many do, particularly among the swankier Eastern colleges, is a matter of common knowledge.

Outspoken—A refreshing exception to the general rule of collegiate silence on the subject is President Dixon Ryan Fox of Union College, Schenectady, New York, who says:

"I believe that privately endowed institutions have the right to determine their own character. . . . I think this should be a representative American character . . . it is perfectly possible for such an institution practically to determine if it would like to have a certain proportion of Asiatic students, a proportion of Jewish students, of Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist and various other kinds . . . this problem calls for frankness and I think it is well to be honest."

The Union quota for Jews is said to be between eight and ten per cent., but there is no anti-Semitic campus feeling.

Occasionally business prejudices and collegiate quotas are likely to go hand in hand. In a recent letter to Dr. Stephen S. Wise, Jewish leader of New York City, Bishop Paul Jones, head of Antioch College (cooperative), said the institution was having so much trouble placing Jewish students in industry that it might be necessary to limit the Jewish enrolment to students of "unusual ability." Antioch is famous as one of the most thoroughly liberal colleges in the country.

Commerce—Actually more menacing to the Jew is business discrimination. Careful investigations in New York City (chosen because of its large Jewish population) showed that this discrimination often starts with the employment agency.

One agency was compelled recently to remove a sign reading: "No Jewish applicants until further notice." The sign was removed upon order of the License Bureau, tho the policy wasn't altered.

An investigator for the American Jewish Congress reported, after surveying forty agencies, that "even the unprejudiced employer is given only the Christian applicant. When Jews are sent it is because others do not qualify." Another investigator applied for 100 jobs as stenographer, secretary, accountant or auditor, in ninety-one cases was told no Jew would be acceptable.

The employers' attitude is shown by the records of one agency which had 400 firms listed. Of these, 356 said they "preferred Christians" as employees.

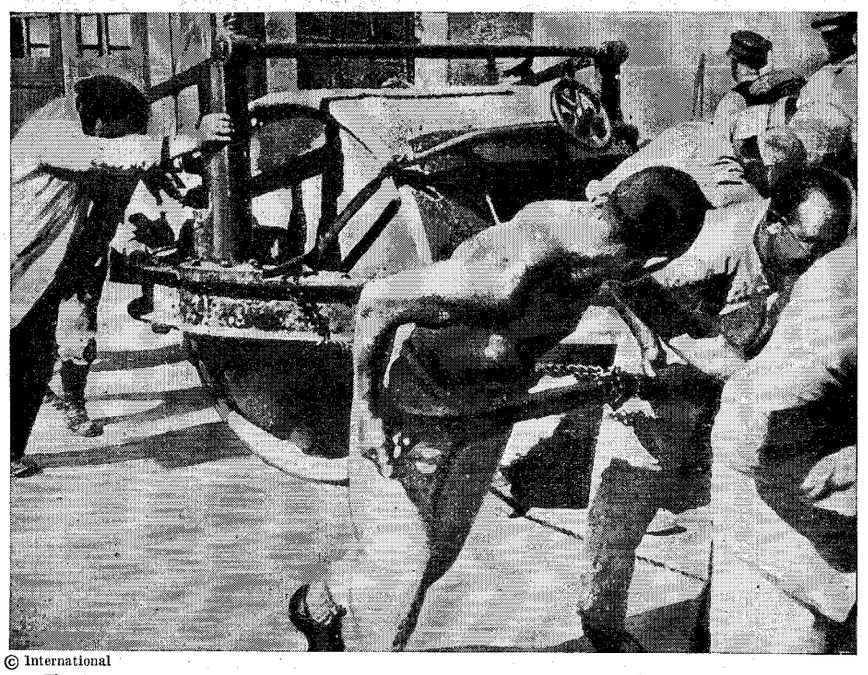
The manager of one employment agency declared he would be wasting his time to send a Jew to one large Eastern public utility company.

This company claims, according to the American Jewish Congress, that Jewish applicants are disqualified because they won't work on their Holy days. Jews assert, however, that the service purveyed by this company drops at least 20 per cent. on such days, and that a reduction in the staff causes no difficulty in operation.

Banking—Three of the largest banks in New York employ approximately 20,000 persons. Jewish sources state not 200 of these are Jews. The same general conclusion was reached a year ago by the editors of *Fortune*. Of fifty-eight New York City savings-banks, thirty-seven employ about 3,400 persons. Asked for data on Jewish employees, only five responded, indicating that 5.6 per cent. of their workers were Jews.

Jewish surveys of the insurance field showed that in many instances Jews did not receive an even break on employment except in the smaller agencies. One survey showed that of about 1,500 employed by an association and a large insurance company only about twenty-one were Jewish.

Concerning this tendency M. Maldwin



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The Nazi campaign of anti-Semitism puts Jews on steam-rollers in concentration camps

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Wide World

Stephen S. Wise, liberal rabbi, finds the forces of anti-Semitism on the increase

Fertig, prominent Jewish lawyer of New York, told THE LITERARY DIGEST:

"Frequently well-meaning people, thoughtlessly giving expression to mere whims, indulge in . . . discriminations in the matter of employment, the consequences of which they do not pause to realize. Upon reflection they would come to realize that this is unfair and unsportsmanlike, tends to deprive good Americans of opportunity and is conducive to harmful social results . . . once all of us are conscious of the dangers involved . . . we will be far on our way towards the remedy."

Social bars against the Jew are nothing new in America, but many think they are being raised higher and extended further.

Estates—Several swanky suburbanite towns near New York are said to have "gentlemen's agreements" among property owners not to sell residential property to Jews. These are examples of a trend.

In one large city of New York State, the University Club counted only two Jews among its several hundred members. The leading club in the city had none.

Investigation of the professions shows that in those, as well, the Jews must fight their way. One teachers' employment agency said it had placed one Jewish teacher in eight years! Jews were shocked to discover that even in private schools where the student body was almost exclusively Jewish, and the management as well, the teaching staff usually were Christians.

The chance for the Jewish college teacher is shown by a study of 185 universities of which thirty-six had no Jews on the faculty, eighty-seven had 2.2 per cent. of Jews and sixty-two only 1.8 per cent.

Alarm—Prominent Jewish clergymen, at a meeting in Columbus, Ohio, last week, expressed apprehension over the rise of American anti-Semitism. Said Rabbi Samuel Wohl of Cincinnati:

"Recent experiences have shown us that we can become a target for attack . . . especially in times of economic distress. . . . Public opinion that is calloused to all manner of crime and activities of the anti-Semitic international has polluted the air of this land . . . we need not have illusions that it can not happen here."

Growth of employment discrimination was cited by Rabbi Leon Feuer of Toledo.

Comments—As for opinions, there are wide variations among prominent Jews. Rabbi Goodman A. Rose of Pittsburgh believes that a "limited number of agitators are endeavoring to indoctrinate Americans with anti-Semitism." He doesn't think they'll succeed, but Rabbi Edward T. Sandrow of Philadelphia sees American anti-Semitism increasing, sees causes as spread of Nazi propaganda, fascist tendencies and the "racial-inferiority myth."

Dr. Abraham Horvitz of Congregation Agudas Achim in Madison, Wisconsin, sees no increase here.

He lays this to better economic conditions than prevail in Jew-baiting countries in Europe.

"In its modern forms anti-Semitism is the spear-head of the attack against democracy . . . increasing fascist sympathies among representatives of entrenched wealth are responsible for growing anti-Semitism in America," Rabbi Ben Zion Bokser of Forest Hills, New York, telegraphed THE LITERARY DIGEST.

Jewish editors generally doubt a growth of American anti-Jewish feeling.

But Jacob Fishman, Editor of *The Jewish Morning Journal* in New York, thinks Nazi propaganda may "have penetrated into a portion of the unthinking masses."

Prominent speakers before the Women's Division of the American Jewish Congress, meeting in New York City last week, warned that American anti-Jewish prejudice was being astutely fanned and was growing.

Reaction—Doctor Wise commented to THE LITERARY DIGEST:

"That there has been a marked increase in anti-Semitism, or, to use a simpler and clearer term, anti-Jewishness, is beyond question."

Its cause, he finds, lies in the "empoisoning influence of Nazi Germany," which he also sees as responsible for Mussolini's warning to Italian Jews to give wholehearted support to Fascism, cease criticizing the Nazis or get out of Italy.

Anti-Semitism, says Doctor Wise, is "symptomatic of world-wide political and economic dislocation." Had the depression continued here he thinks that . . . "with the help of Father Coughlin and Mr. Gerald Smith, to say nothing of the more vulgar types of anti-Semitic fanatics, America would have witnessed the beginnings of real anti-Jewish uprisings."

Doctor Wise adds that Jews here ". . . may well be prepared to face the most desperate consequences" should America abandon democracy and turn to fascism.

LABOR WAR: A.F.L. Uses Pennies to Finance Battle Against Growth of C.I.O.

With the self-assurance of an old lady entering a revolving door, the American Federation of Labor declared war on John L. Lewis's Committee for Industrial Organization last week.

For more than a year the Federation had excoriated and anathematized its insolent offshoot, but had refrained carefully from taking direct action. The Lewisites, meanwhile, had gone efficiently about the business of organizing masses of unskilled workers.

In the automotive, steel and rubber industries and wherever else it was expedient to do so, they absorbed existing A.F.L. unions, remodeling them, purging them of craft-minded leaders.

Elsewhere, they took over company unions, or built up entirely new organizations of workers.

"The most reprehensible tactics have been resorted to in the splitting, tearing, driving, cruel policy of division which was launched within the ranks of labor."

Pennies—Having thus summed up C.I.O. organization tactics, President William Green and the rest of the Executive Council of the A.F.L. called upon the delegates of 102 craft-unions assembled at a council of war in Cincinnati last week to "meet this situation in a courageous way." The delegates decided to meet it first with an assessment of one cent a month upon every Federation member to raise a war-chest; secondly, through the expulsion of all local Federation units suspected of being C.I.O.-minded; thirdly, by carrying a vigorous membership drive right into the camps of unions affiliated with the C.I.O.

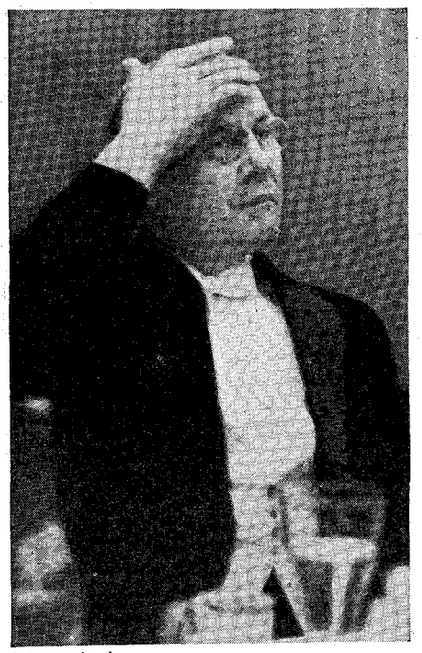
For employers throughout the nation there was the gloomy prospect of a series of bitter jurisdictional wars, with the strike as the principal weapon.

Thus, William Hutcheson, President of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, announced that he would not permit his men to use products manufactured by C.I.O. workers.

Arthur O. Wharton of the machinists decided to use a small independent union in Indianapolis as the nucleus of a membership drive among Chevrolet workers in that city—a move that surely must end in a pitched battle with the C.I.O.'s United Automobile Workers.

The man against whom the Federation resolved to take action accepted the challenge at once.

"There will be no abatement of the tremendous organizing movement now under



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William Green's head ached over C.I.O. energy

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way," said Lewis. "The C.I.O. has caught the imagination of the American workers and the shrill lamentation of the discredited leaders of the A.F.L. serves only to display the weakness of that organization."

Crevasse—The depth of feeling between Green and Lewis is well illustrated by the refusal of the latter to remodel the old University Club which he bought over six months ago for use as the Washington headquarters of the C.I.O. The work should have been started last fall, but then Lewis would have been forced to use A.F.L. labor, since the C.I.O. does not include the building-trades unions in its membership. Lewis prefers to postpone the remodeling until he has coaxed a few carpenters and steam-fitters into his organization.

Even while the Federation Executive Council was making elaborate plans for future action, the C.I.O. was moving forward toward ruthless in-fighting on two fronts.

Because the United States Steel Corporation decided last March to let the C.I.O.'s Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers bargain for its own members rather than face a prosperity-crippling strike, it was predicted widely that the independent producers would follow the same course.

Tho most of the smaller producers did not topple one after another into Lewis's hands, the big independents (Republic, Youngstown Sheet & Tube, Inland, Bethlehem, National, Crucible, Jones & Laughlin) had other ideas.

Action—They would bargain with their workers, as the National Labor Relations Act demanded, they said, but would sign no written agreement.

The Steel Workers' Organizing Committee (working for the C.I.O.) retorted with a strike at the Jones & Laughlin plant at Aliquippa, Pennsylvania. The management agreed to let the National Labor Relations Board conduct an election, which the Lewis unit won handily. It thereby was empowered to represent not only its own members, but all other workers in the plant.

After this, Crucible yielded. When Republic, Youngstown Sheet & Tube and Inland refused last week either to sign a contract such as "Big Steel" and Crucible had signed, or to submit to a NLRB election, 75,000 workers in steel-plants sprinkled over Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois marched away from their blast-furnaces either to act as pickets or to go home for a forced vacation.

Battles—As the new week opened, violence broke out. Following a meeting on Sunday afternoon, 1,000 C.I.O. strikers and union demonstrators engaged in a mass assault on the gates of the Republic Steel plant in South Chicago, only mill in the area attempting to continue production.

Workers and sympathizers, armed with clubs, sling-shots, cranks, bricks, steel bolts and other missiles descended upon the mill, which was guarded by 160 policemen.

"You can't go through here," shouted Capt. Thomas Kilroy, ordering the crowds to disperse.

A shower of bricks answered his warning. The mob rushed forward. Police declared a revolver shot came from the ranks of strikers.

When tear-gas failed to halt the demonstrators, police drew revolvers, fired first into air, then into crowds. Five men were killed, more than fourscore later turned up in hospitals with gunshot wounds, broken limbs, cracked heads and other injuries.

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Auto organizer Mr. Frankensteen gets a beating from Ford men

Governor Horner decided after conferences that police could handle the emergency without aid of State troops.

At Ford's, too, there was violence last week.

When Richard T. Frankensteen and other organizers for the United Automobile Workers entered Ford property with the idea of passing out handbills to the workmen, they were jumped upon by a dozen Ford employees, mauled and bruised. The U.A.W. said the attackers were "strong-arm" men employed by the Ford personnel manager, Harry H. Bennett.

Said the company: "An attempt was made to attack a peaceable body of Ford workmen and was repelled."

On another section of the labor front the Lewis group was victorious in one of its most important battles of the year when the Transport-Workers' Union worked out an agreement with Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York by which 14,000 employees will get a 10 per cent. increase in pay, weekly minimum wages of $25 and a closed shop.

It was the first successful attempt to unionize Manhattan transit-workers in the past thirty years.

SANTA CLAUSES: Nine Old Men Turn Into Jolly Old Fellows, But President Isn't Amused

As far as the New Deal is concerned, the "Nine Old Men" have been acting lately like nine old *Santa Clauses*.

In March, they upheld the principle of State minimum-wage laws, thereby handing a Wenatchee, Washington, chambermaid $216.19 in back pay.

In April, they gave the blessings of legality to collective bargaining and thus were directly responsible for the rehiring of a reporter, ten steel-puddlers, eighteen bus-drivers and nineteen garment-workers who had been fired for union activities.

Last week, they saved the jobs of some 5,000 employees of the Social Security Board* when they declared the old-age pensions and unemployment-compensation program were constitutional.

It is probable that the Administration was more grateful than the men and women whose jobs and salaries had been reclaimed. Certainly it was the more astounded. The President had seen, during the Court's previous term, one after another of the economic and social props kicked out from under his reform and recovery program—the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, the Bituminous Coal Conservation Act of 1935 (Guffey Bill) and the Municipal Bankruptcy Act.

Then came November and a booming demand from the electorate that the Roosevelt lease on the White House be renewed for another four years. In its first postelection decision on social legislation, the Nine upheld New York State's unemployment-insurance law and cynics revived *Mr. Dooley's* homely observation to the effect that "th' Supreme Court follows the iliction returns."

Sounding—Subsequent rulings showed that at least one of the Nine had a judicial ear to the ground. A Court that had been five-to-four on the conservative side became almost overnight a five-to-four liberal majority. A neat backward somersault by Associate Justice Owen J. Roberts saved the Washington minimum-wage law, the Wagner Labor Relations Act and social security from going the way of the NRA and the processing taxes.

This week, the Court concluded its nine-month term and, under a cloud of uncertainty, prepared to evacuate Washington for the summer. When it convenes next fall, it will greet at least one new member—the one whom the President appoints to take Mr. Justice Van Devanter's place—and perhaps three, for rumors persist that Messrs. Justices Sutherland and Brandeis will retire from the bench during the next two or three months.

There is a remote chance that those veterans of the high court who return for action next October will initiate still more neophytes. At his press conference on the day after the social-security ruling, the President refused to concede that his Court-enlargement scheme was dead. He had two reasons for pushing ahead with his plan just as it was presented to Congress last February:

1. Five-to-four decisions were not "sure enough"; they did not guarantee pro-New Deal decisions on future legislation which must one day work its way up to the Supreme Court.

2. If Congress turned down his plan for adding six new Justices to the bench, it also would turn down any compromise proposal embodying the same principle; so it might as well be "six or none."

Reforms—Congress got a good idea last week of what the President meant by "future legislation" which might or might not be constitutional. A day or two before the second anniversary of the slaughter of the Blue Eagle, there came an eloquent special message from the White House asking for a new law which would stifle child labor, establish minimum-wage levels and maximum working-hour schedules, industry by industry, bar from interstate

*1,500 in the Board's Washington offices, 2,500 in its Baltimore offices, approximately 1,000 in its 137 field-headquarters.

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commerce goods manufactured under "unfair" labor conditions.

As for the second point, a compromise Court-enlargement bill had little chance of getting by for the disturbing reason that the Senate was not in an accommodating mood. In fact, the very wheel-horses upon whom the President has depended in the past were against him; Senators Byrnes of South Carolina, O'Mahoney of Wyoming and Wheeler of Montana have fought the Court bill and are ready, it is said, to throw their weight against other White House measures.

Threat—To this opposition triumvirate, observers last week added the name of Vice President Garner. He has gagged at much of the New Deal legislation, but has continued to serve the President faithfully and well. Possibly the plan to revamp the Court was more than the conservative Texan could swallow. He refuses to touch it. Further than that, it is said, he is ready to help sabotage any other bills which the President may present in the future by way of reform.

It did not seem probable last week that the Court-enlargement bill would come to a vote this year. The best bet was that the President would not press the measure, but merely would use it as a threat against the Nine, to keep them in a liberal mood when they convene next fall.

RUSTLERS RIDE: Streamlined Trucks in Cattle-Stealing Replace Old West's Cow-Ponies

The plains of the West once more are dusty with deputized cow-punchers and infuriated ranchers, riding the rustlers' trail.

For generations, the cattle-thief has been the standard villain of America's Western fiction. But after law and order came to the cattle country between 1870 and 1900, rustling waned, ranchers and their waddies slept o' nights.

Foremost among the weapons society was using against the cattle-thief was the rural telephone. When wires linked ranches the trade became too dangerous; stock could still be stolen, but was hard to sell.

Gradually, range-cattle, with their enormous spread of horns and comparative scarcity of edible beefsteaks gave way to more selected, more valuable stock. So, too, did the old open range. Fencing, bane of the old-time rancher, became a protection. It no longer was feasible to drive big stolen herds miles upon miles across country.

Speed—But within recent years, two factors have changed the situation, revived an ancient and dishonorable industry:

First is the light, fast automobile truck. Second is the automobile-road system.

The stream-lined, 1937-model rustler doesn't fork his old paint hoss, finger the notches in his six-guns and sally forth in the dark of the moon to knock off a herd that *Black Sam* the treacherous foreman (who hopes to win beautiful *Nell*, the old rancher's gal) has waiting for him in Death Coulée.

Not a bit of it!

He climbs into a fast truck, makes sure his automatic is in its shoulder-holster, steps on the gas and hunts down some herd of thoroughbred calves, previously spotted.

The calves, usually unbranded, are captured and hustled (or rustled) into the truck. If the cows bellow, they usually are killed on the spot.

The truck-load of potential veal then is sent at fifty to sixty miles an hour across a State line to some spot several hundred miles distant.

Once there, the calves either are butchered or sold for breeding in places so distant from the theft that there is little chance for the law to be effective.

Take—The 1937 outlaws are amazingly bold. In some instances, entire small herds have been rustled, virtually impoverishing owners. One rancher recently reported the loss of twenty-two head of a herd of twenty-five overnight.

A favorite spot for the rustler's work is the cattle-loading railroad-yard in small communities.

One of the favorite States for the sale of stolen stock is Kansas, which has no brand inspection law.

The ranchers' losses are impressive and the situation has become so bad that *vigilantes* are once more riding the plains, altho they ride in fast cars to-day.

In Colorado, operations of the modern rustlers are causing an annual loss of 50,000 head a year, valued at $750,000. The State has approximately 1,500,000 head on the range annually. However, Colorado, altho taking the lead in fighting the thieves, is by no means the only State affected. Rustling is general throughout the great cattle-breeding States.

The old-time rustler of fiction and romance was a hard *hombre*. He rode with his life in his hands and knew it. Rancher justice was short and so was the shrift of the cattle-thief who fell into its net.

Punishment—In the last three decades of the nineteenth century, frontier law was rough, ready, frequently corrupt. Stock barons and little ranchers alike had learned that a cottonwood-tree and a rope were surer deterrents to crime than a cow-town jail and a venal judge. To them, the only good rustler was a dead rustler.

Consequently when a posse of ranchers caught a cattle-thief or thieves the court session was short, held on the spot and the sentence summary. There was no overcrowding in the jails.

To-day, all that is changed. About the worst that can happen to the motorized rustler, if caught, is a fine or a prison term. Judging by statistics of arrests and convictions lined against the stock stolen, this chance is not very dangerous.

The tremendous increase in trucking, a feature of the last decade's transportation picture, makes the business of these new riders of the plains even safer.

Skips—Because of the volume of truck traffic, it has become a difficult task to examine every truck going through a port of entry between States. Policemen, no matter how vigilant, are human and hundreds of trucks pass with the most cursory examination. Many are not examined at all.

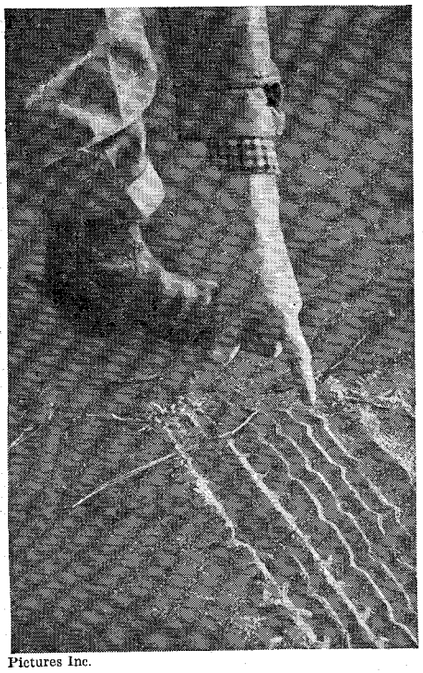
Furthermore, the entry-port is likely to be a long distance from the scene of the actual rustling and the law usually has no news of it until long after the stolen truck-load has passed.

Easy-going property-transfer laws also help the thieves. A bill of sale for cattle can be scrawled in pencil on the back of an envelop. There are laws requiring use of a special form, but no one ever has bothered much about enforcing them.

Obviously, it's a stupid rustler who isn't able to produce a bill of sale for his truck-load of stolen beef with such conditions general. And who is likely to question it a hundred miles or more from the source?

Not all stolen cattle are butchered. If trucked far enough away, they often are sold in places where the brand is not known. Often, too, the rustlers, taking a leaf from their predecessors' book, change the brands. When cattle are butchered, the hides are buried to prevent brand identification.

Orders—But the losses, running into millions a year in the cattle States, are rousing ranchers to action. A hint of old times is seen in the recent order of Sheriff Claude Swift of Huerfano County, Colorado, to



Pictures Inc.

The rancher's only clue to modern rustlers . . . tire-marks in his pasture

Pictures Inc

Cattle-thieves deftly truss-up a dogie for a quick, quiet getaway

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deputized ranchers and punchers to use their guns freely.

But more menacing to the rustlers than the action of any individual sheriff is the organization by stockmen's associations of *vigilantes*. There are twenty-eight such organizations in Colorado alone, three have organized antirustler groups within the past few weeks, most are expected to do so.

These secret committees do not report to the associations as a whole, offer any rewards they choose for arrests or information, are more or less a law to themselves. Rewards run as high as $1,000.

Heading the Colorado campaign against stream-lined rustling is Dr. B. F. Davis, Manager and Secretary of the Colorado Stockgrowers' Association. Drastic action is imperative, he says.

More police activity is being demanded, closer interstate supervision, better protection against the hijacking of ranchers taking cattle to market.

And in the background looms a more sinister menace to the new-style rustler. Sen. Patrick McCarran of Nevada has introduced a bill, the National Animal Theft Act, to curb interstate transportation of stolen live stock by making it a Federal offense. Five years in prison, a $5,000 fine or both, are penalties.

And J. Edgar Hoover's G *vigilantes* would do the enforcing.

GOOD LISTENERS: Professional Trouble-Easers Hear Your Worries for So Much an Hour

Do you have trouble getting a word in edgewise?

Many persons abstain from the maelstrom and hubbub of 1937 cocktail parties or dinner shout-fests, wishing they only could have their say. Others naturally are lonely and would like to give oral expression to thoughts that letters to love-lorn counselors or advice over the radio do not ease.

For all these, professional listeners are cropping up throughout the country. Just how wide-spread the new vocation has become is not known, for it takes several months for a good listener to become tuned in to the vocal cords of a community.

Traveling from Cleveland to New York City, Miss Ulric Kay, experienced Midwest welfare-worker, remembered a recent observation by her brother, an Ohio physician. He said that a number of his patients didn't come for advice; they came to unburden themselves of troubles.

"What they need is a good listener, not a doctor," he declared.

Want-Ad—Miss Kay took a cosy, East Sixty-second Street apartment when she reached New York and decided to try out this theory. She advertised carefully in the personal columns of the metropolitan papers:

"No scientific pretensions, no quack analysis. If you would like to talk over your personal problems with an experienced, sympathetic listener, call Ulric Kay for appointment."

During the winter months the idea worked at $3 a throw for an hour's listen. Procedure worked itself out naturally once the ice was broken and a long train of wos, desires, business disappointments and marital tangles flowed in one ear and out

Pictures, Inc.

Miss Ulric Kay, professional listener . . . folks weep on her shoulder at $3 an hour

the other. Miss Kay just listened. At the end of sixty minutes her ears became unofficial.

When spring came, Miss Kay found fewer talkers; they communed more with nature. So she is devoting most of her summer to social work. When winter comes again, she hopes to coax the wagging tongues of Park Avenue dowagers to divulge their servant problems or other pet difficulties.

Troubles—Running a listening business has its drawbacks, however. Without advertisements in the papers, no one knows about you. A satisfied customer doesn't spread the good work because he came confidentially. If a visitor has his mind eased, he doesn't come back for more unburdening.

Another annoyance is that practical telephone pranksters become something of a pest. They want the professional listeners to listen to things no nice girl would admit hearing or they try to deduce some metaphysical interpretation of the meaning of her profession.

Warm weather hasn't affected the business of attractive, brown-eyed Alice Tefft, 379 miles away, who does the best listening in Rochester, New York.

"People have always cried on my shoulder," she said. "I have broad shoulders to cry on, so if they want to tell me their troubles, I'll listen at $2 an hour."

She advertises modestly, refuses to reveal confidences, keeps no records and doesn't even care to know the names of her visitors —if they are serious about it.

No Sage—Miss Tefft refuses advice. "How could I give it, at my age?" she asks.

Born nineteen years ago at Oxford, near Binghamton, New York, she is tall, slender and wears her hair in a long bob, combed back over her ears.

She is vivacious and an interesting conversationalist—but prefers to listen because it is more profitable. She declares she never has been in love, is not engaged and does not "go steady." She shares a small apartment with a girl friend.

"I gained experience in listening when I carried a paper-route in my home-town," Miss Tefft tells. "I did the listening when I came around to collect. Customers who could not or would not pay always had a long-winded excuse or some troubles to tell me about."

Since her graduation last February from the Rochester Business Institute, she has assisted in a doctor's office, toted trays in a tea-room, dusted and cooked as a housemaid and worked for a manufacturer. On all these jobs she learned plenty about listening, so she decided to go in the business.

Most of her clients are men; some are disappointed lovers. Her first want-ad in the personal column brought three calls, all from men. One made an appointment.

"He had been disappointed in love and wanted to tell me about it," she said.

SOUP TO NUTS: Bud and Luke Don't Serve Lobsters, But Feed Any One Else

"Life is not so short, but that there is always time enough for courtesy," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson a century ago.

But, last week, Ernie Pyle, Scripps-Howard syndicate writer, having been thrown out of a Toledo restaurant by weird waiters who were in a hurry, shook a lumpy head in dissent. He thought learned Doctor Emerson should have lunched at "Bud and Luke's" eccentric eating-place in the Ohio city before jumping at conclusions. There, insisted Mr. Pyle, he would have found that life is much too short for courtesy.

The newspaper writer's experience in the Buckeye State was novel, tho, at Bud and Luke's, not altogether uncommon. On his way to New York, it seems, Mr. Pyle dropped off at Toledo. Friends on the staff of the Toledo *News-Bee* invited him to lunch at Bud and Luke's. At least, Mr. Pyle said they were friends.

Bill of Fare—The group entered the restaurant and selected a table. Pyle scanned the menu. His eyes blinked as he read:

"We don't serve lobsters here, but we cater to almost every one else."

"A queer place," remarked Mr. Pyle.

A waiter approached the table. He wore no coat over his bright red suspenders, atoning for the social error by keeping his hat on.

"What'll you have?" he asked, glaring at Pyle.

The newspaper man hesitated, pondered for a moment.

The waiter flew into a rage. "So, you're not going to order, eh!" he exclaimed. Then he stood on a chair. In a raucous voice he called out to his colleagues: "Hey, this rube won't order. He doesn't like the place. Come on, fellows. Let's go to work!"

Work-Out—In a moment, half a dozen waiters had dropped their dishes and charged, double-quick. Wrote Mr. Pyle the next day:

"Those apes grabbed me fore and aft and on each side and underneath and jerked me away from the table. They dragged me clear across the restaurant, kicked open the front door and shwisshhh —there I was right on the sidewalk, thrown out of the place."

As he fell he heard cries of merriment

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from within. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed waiters and patrons alike. Pyle, indignant, picked himself up, dashed back to renew the quarrel, found the whole house roaring at him. The chief fun-makers were his own friends: They had arranged the ceremony by telephone before arrival. Pyle caught on, joined in the hilarity, munched his sandwich, sipped his coffee, enjoyed the frolic.

On the way out, he squared accounts. "I picked up a handful of knives and forks," he wrote, "and put them in my pocket. At the counter I took three cigars and two chocolate-bars, walked out the front door. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Gags—They're always playing little pranks like that at Bud and Luke's. They enjoy a State-wide reputation for discourtesy, thriving on it handsomely, too.

One day an oil executive came in, accompanied by several officers of his firm. Weather was warm. The executive wore

Literary Digest photo by Norman Bauger

Costume-minded waiters in Fowler restaurants insist on cigars, hats and suspenders

a white summer suit, the others were dressed in dark business clothes. An observing waiter rushed to the kitchen, returned with a large broom, placed it in the hands of the white-clad oil man. Then the waiter hopped on a chair and bellowed out to other patrons:

"Come on, folks, take a look at this street-cleaner sitting with these gentlemen!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" roared the guests.

The oil magnate turned crimson, soon recovered his equanimity, was back again next day to laugh at jokes on other patrons.

Hoosiers—Bud and Luke are brothers—surnamed Fowler: Bud's name is Eugene, Luke's is Glenn. They went to Toledo from Bloomington, Indiana, fourteen years ago. They tried the automobile business, got nowhere, finally opened a small sandwich shop. No room for tables or chairs. "Not necessary, anyway," said Bud and Luke. "Patrons can eat on the sidewalk." They did and liked it, came in ever-increasing numbers. Somewhere Bud and Luke got the idea that "familiarity breeds friendship," started kidding customers, found that business mounted in the process.

Four years ago they leased a large store in the down-town district of Toledo, painted the walls orange, black and red, tacked up gaudy crape-paper streamers, placed a sign in the window: TWO NUTS JUST MOVED IN. Business men, factory owners, journalists, town sports snickered at the idea, joined the procession through the doorway.

Expansion—To-day Bud and Luke run two such places (one in West Toledo) and newspaper men estimate that each has about 2,000 customers daily. When they opened the West Toledo branch, they appointed Charlie Shook, their first head waiter, as "Chief Insulter and Manager." Charlie is a roly-poly chap with small mustache and large imagination. It was he who conceived the brilliant idea of providing "thunder-storms" for entertainment of guests. They are reputed to be a panic. One waiter stands at the light switch, flicks the lights on and off. That's lightning. Another waiter shoves his hat back on his head, pounds the bass keys of a long-suffering piano. That's thunder. Everybody enjoys the storm—especially the waiters.

When things get dull and patrons begin to look languid, Bud and Luke stir them up with what they call a "fire-drill."

Alarm—Suddenly the piercing shriek of a siren shatters the ear-drums of diners. A waiter dashes into the room, carrying a bucket and a length of hose. His suspenders droop, but he has no time for adjustments. He wears heavy rubber boots, a fireman's helmet is upon his head. It's only pasteboard, but it looks real. Waiters stand on tables and yell: "Fire!" "Fire!"

Nobody cares. Nobody runs or even walks toward the nearest exit. Patrons hold their sides laughing. Chairs and tables are piled high. The heroic fireman-waiter climbs to the top, as if to save that poor mother's child. He changes his mind, slides down a pole, throws a bucket of water on a burning pile of napkins that other waiters have set afire. Everybody roars. Nothing like a good fire-drill to dispel apathy at this unconventional eating-place.

Obviously, waiters qualified to meet complex requirements of Bud and Luke's can not be chosen at random. They are selected by the brothers with meticulous care. Polite and servile candidates are weeded out; self-confident, bombastic ones are preferred. A sample of the "pep"-talk to talented applicants who finally pass muster:

"This isn't a Greek restaurant. You are not servants. You are as good as any customer who comes into this place. You're a salesman—act like one. If you want to sit down with a patron, go ahead and do it. We pay you a good salary and don't encourage you to take tips—but don't refuse any." Superfluous advice; they don't.

Tenderfoot—It takes some time for a waiter to master the technique of the place. A greenhorn, for instance, takes an order, goes quietly to the chef in the kitchen to deliver it.

Mistake. When he learns the ropes he dispenses with formality, shouts the order from the table, almost throws the silverware at the diners, breaks a plate or two to add to the din. Then squats in the chair opposite the patron to register social equality.

When a bald-headed diner arrives he is greeted vociferously. "Hello, Curly," shout all the waiters in unison.

A moment after the gentleman is seated and before he has recovered from his initial confusion, his own waiter is at his side, polishing his bald pate vigorously with a napkin. It's virtually the only restaurant in civilization where a shine goes with the meal.

Ernie Pyle hit the nail on the head. It *is* a queer place. But it pays handsome profits.

Topics in Brief

So far no interviews with the little Dionnes on how they like the new King they're wards of.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

London Coronation ceremonies stressed the Empire. The Coronation that didn't come off laid a lot of stress on it, too.—*Dallas Morning News.*

Spain has formed a win-the-war Cabinet, but even that may not be regarded by Europe's puzzled statesmen as conclusive.—*Indianapolis News.*

Air is teeming with plans for commencements and weddings in June. No wonder the poet praised it for perfect daze.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

In spite of every criticism, the Wagner Act seems to work perfectly if the parties are the type who could get along without a Wagner Act.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

Mussolini wants to make Italy self-sufficient. No country, we mention as we breeze by, is ever going to be as self-sufficient as Benito.—*W. C. S. in Chicago Daily Tribune.*

Germans have been exhorted to chew their food longer for the sake of the national economy. What if you're trying to manage a hot potato?—*Portland (Me.) Evening Express.*

Automobiles are in the reach of everybody, says a writer. Yes, in fact it's only a few inches from the bumper to the hospital.—*Carey Williams in Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

An evangelist says 10,000 California people to whom he has preached have signified their desire to go to heaven. Is the Golden State's climate slipping?—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

Not only is kissing likely to make you lose your teeth, as an Atlanta health-expert points out, but it's quite likely to make you lose your head and your heart, too.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

Judged from what William Z. Foster has said, the Communists have an ambition to take over the C.I.O. Personally, we are betting on the John L. Lewis eyebrows.—*Jack Warwick in Toledo Blade.*

A course in baseball-coaching is to be offered at the summer school of Columbia University. We may expect shortly to hear a popular cry altered to "Kill the professor!"—*Christopher Billopp in Baltimore Evening Sun.*

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Parade

"A successful man," opined **Prof. R. L. Sackett** of the University of Mississippi, "is one who can earn more than his wife can spend and a successful woman is one who can spend more than her husband can make." Married, Sackett was lecturing on "It's a Woman's World."

* * *

Cleanest of animals, pigs really know what they're up to when they roll in the mud, according to **Prof. Victor A. Rice** of Massachusetts State College. "The mud-bath of the pig," he declared, "is the process by which a heat radiation occurs which results in the regulation of the temperature of the pig's body." Furthermore, Professor Rice averred, nature forgot to give piggies the right amount of perspiratory glands—so they have to get warm as best they can.

* * *

"I'm not an outdoor type at all and I don't expect to become wealthy," commented attractive **Julia Ellen Leathers,** twenty-two-year-old Akron, Ohio, girl, "but I do expect to have an income for the rest of my life and then I will be perfectly satisfied." Since March she has become a sensational gas-well operator, expects ten wells before she's finished. She is now operating three wells, hopes soon to be receiving an income of $1,000 a day for herself and friends who helped finance the drilling.

* * *

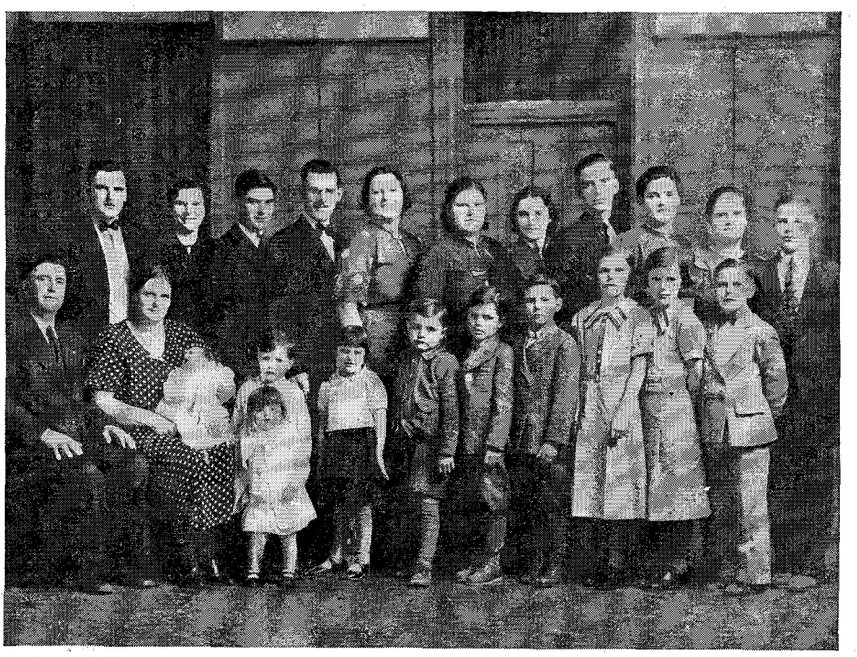
A slow southwest wind had whole families of West Philadelphia residents accusing one another of eating too much **garlic** or **onions.** Finally the grumbling became so serious street-rioting almost broke out and the city's police department and electrical bureaus were *corralled* into service. With noses sniffing in every direction, investigators went from door to door in the Schuylkill River district, finally located the trouble. It was an industrial plant using onion-gas, one of the mercaptans, a series of compounds analogous to the alcohols, but containing sulfur in place of oxygen.

* * *

Roaring past the stands like a cannon-ball on Memorial day, **Wilbur Shaw,** thirty-four-year-old Indianapolis speed-demon, smashed all records, won the twenty-fifth annual Indianapolis Motor Speedway 500-mile race. A driver for eleven years, the winner made only two stops during the entire length, both times to refuel and change tires on his ultra-stream-lined racer. Shaw averaged 113.580 miles an hour. About twenty yards behind the winner, Ralph Hepburn, forty-year-old Los Angeles driving veteran, finished second. Ted Horn, also from the City of the Angels, was third.

* * *

In a small French-Canadian settlement on the shores of Lake Huron, the **Onezime Masse** family—father, mother and twenty-one children—is beginning to rival the Dionne quintuplets in attracting attention. The parents and their ten boys and eleven girls live in a small frame house of kitchen, living-room and four bedrooms. Bread is baked every day, usually six to nine loaves; 100 pounds of flour is bought every Saturday; a 200-pound pig is killed every two weeks. In addition to this, twenty pounds of porridge, twenty-five pounds of home-churned butter, two bushels of potatoes and large quantities of sugar and salt are consumed weekly in the Masse household.



Mother and Father Masse with their twenty-one children en masse . . . Canada is proud of them

* * *

Owing to the decline of the strip-tease as a major national pastime and protests from various organizations, the name of **Gypsy Rose Lee** was changed by cautious executives of Twentieth Century-Fox Film Company. Henceforth, as a dramatic screen actress, she will be known as Louise Hovick, her real name. In the picture on this page, Jack Haley, comedian, Walter Winchell, columnist and new film star, and Whitney Bolton, Screen and Stage critic of THE LITERARY DIGEST, now summering in Hollywood, are shown discussing the change with the most famous of latter-day burlesque queens.

Gypsy Rose Lee discusses her movie name with Haley, Winchell and The Digest's Bolton

Generally accepted theories on cannibalism have been shot to the winds by **Henry Moser,** Mennonite missionary who returned from fifteen years in the Belgian Congo. Whereas this gustatory practise was on the wane, the only outbreaks were when the blacks ate people of their own race. "The natives who still indulge in human flesh," he declared, "regard white people as unpleasant and tough. A native from the back country told me so the other day. He said that dark meat was much softer." Moser also stated that the most serious crime in the Belgian Congo is the theft of a goat—often calling for the culprit's head.

* * *

Page the postal authorities! An excited young man dashed into the Algonquin Hotel, New York's haven for writers and actors and site of the famous modern round-table. "Give me a stamp," he shouted breathlessly to the young girl behind the cigar-counter. "What kind?" she asked. "Give me one with a picture of **Ina Claire** on it," he smiled. "I'm tired of those old generals."

* * *

One of the reasons why Mrs. **Laura Hover Loomis,** Los Angeles society girl, won an annulment suit against Homer Leslie Loomis, Jr., of New York was because he made her read Dickens's "A Mad-Man's Manuscript" in a darkened room two days after their marriage. Mrs. Loomis said her husband bade her read the gruesome tale from "Pickwick Papers" because "he said he wanted to watch the expression on my face."

* * *

"I don't know what I shall do now that the Department of Commerce has stopped the transatlantic air-race to Paris," said **Amy Johnson Mollison,** English aviatress. "The Department of Commerce is afraid a disaster in the race would prejudice the establishment of a transatlantic service by Pan American Airways. The Department is very much behind the time." Meanwhile, Dick Merrill indicated that he might make his Paris flight this summer, taking off from Toronto.

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FINE ITALIAN HAND TWISTS LION'S TAIL

Moslem Paws Pull Il Duce's Chestnuts Out of Arabian Fire

Allah fortifies Islam through non-Moslems.
Allah fortifies the faith through a libertine.
Hadith (Sayings of Mohammed.)

Self-styled champion and defender of the world's 300,000,000 Moslems, Italy's Benito Mussolini has been finding faint welcome among the Prophet's followers.

Nevertheless, well aware that Arab patriots stand in need of even an infidel champion, Moslem theologians thumbed the dusty pages of the *Hadith* to salve their consciences. For even turbaned mollahs and ulemas are wise in the ways of European diplomacy and can match every contingency with a fitting saying from the Prophet or the Koran.

Il Duce had confidently told Libyan Arabs (LITERARY DIGEST, March 20) that Fascist Italy "wishes to demonstrate its sympathy for Islam and for the Moslems of the entire world."

His words flashed across the front pages of the Arabic press, causing wide-spread comment. In Palestine, Jew-hating Arabs praised their new Knight of the Crescent and extolled Hitler as their avenger.

Snub—But Egyptian Arabs, suspicious of their Fascist neighbors in Africa, last week found solace in the warning of the Rector of Al-Azhar University, world's largest Moslem institution and main authority on Islam:

"The only man who can call himself protector of Islam is he who is a Moslem, believes in the mission of Islam and works with all his faculties to diffuse the teachings of our religion."

This proved alarming to Mussolini's Consul-General at Cairo. Fearing it might undo his two years' work of "lira-financed" propagandism, he quickly issued a mild denial. *Il Duce*, he said, merely was expressing his friendship for Arab ideals.

But Arabs knew that, like ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II's, Mussolini's championship of Islam was but a veiled excuse for defying England's Mediterranean power. Besides, the Egyptian press, widely read in Arab lands, freely told of the hectic armament-building of Western Powers and railed at "European political duplicity."

Arabs found Europe's political chessboard puzzling. Demanding complete freedom from European domination, they found it expedient to accept support from Mussolini only while English bayonets pointed at their throats. Willy-nilly, they played the rôle of pawns in the Italo-British match to control the strategic regions of the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal and the Red Sea.

Wooing—*Il Duce* courted them because he wanted to plant buffers to Britain's maneuvers, in case of war, and thus enable Italian shipping freely to cross the Suez Canal and transport troops from and to Ethiopia. With Libya already equipped as a jumping-off ground for Fascist aviators, Egypt and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan would have most to suffer in case of a conflict. Britain would have to go to bat for Egypt and use her terrain to combat Italy.

But England can not afford an extension of Italian influence in Arab countries. That would mean danger to the imperial highways which carry the vast commerce of her bottoms from her Asiatic, African and Australian domains. Hence, the grim rivalry with Italy, which also is aiding the Spanish Rebels in order to gain another vantage-point at the other end of the Mediterranean.

Long before his conquest of Ethiopia, *Il Duce* had entered into a commercial and otherwise friendly treaty with the insular Zaidi Imam Yahya, puritanical ruler of Yemen, which faces Eritrea across the Red Sea. Italian technical and military experts got busy, building the dour ruler's army right under Britain's nose (Aden adjoins Yemen). But for the fact that Ibn Sa'ud managed to subjugate and, later, sign a friendly non-aggressive treaty with the Imam, Yemen would have fallen prey to Italy.

Ferment—Meanwhile, *Il Duce's* agents were busy fomenting trouble in Syria against the French, in Palestine and Egypt against the British. Then came his successful Ethiopian bluff, cunningly synchronized with unrest in all three countries. Once conquered, Ethiopia made the "Italian Empire" Britain's colonial rival, at least in Africa. The Red Sea no longer served as a British lake.

A bewildered England found Arabs more blatant in their demands for independence, found the accusations against her pledge-breaking policies blazing into white heat under Italian fanning. Britons clung closely to Sultan Abdul Aziz Ibn Sa'ud, mighty lord of Saudi Arabia. This they again did by breaking another pledge with the Arabs—a World War promise to raise Ibn Sa'ud's feudal foe, the Sherif Hussein of Mekka, to ruler of Arabia. Instead, London placated his sons by making one of them, Feisal, King of Irak, and the other, Abdullah, ruler of Transjordan, a buffer State between Palestine and Saudi Arabia.

Arab blood boiled against the "double-crossing British dragon." Powerless, Arabs listened intently to Bolshevik thunders against British imperialism, rioted and rebelled in Syria, Irak, Egypt and Palestine. Last year, Syria at last freed herself from France, Egypt from Britain, with which Powers they are now bound by friendly treaties, like Irak.

Sorer—Palestine, however, remains the sorest spot. Arabs and Jews bestride irreconcilable claims and can be kept from jumping at each other's throats only by British bayonets. Last year, they flared up in a bloodthirsty guerrilla warfare, mowed each other down, ambuscaded, sniped and shelled each other. Unable to stop the massacres, Britain sent a commission to make inquiry on the spot and managed, with difficulty, to extract a makeshift truce until the Royal Commission makes its findings public.

Palcor Agency from Soibelman

Mussolini looked with approval at posters praising the Zionist movement six months ago . . . to-day he forbids the Italian Jews to advocate Zionism

Mussolini saw his chance. He unleashed the full power of his Bari (southern Italy) radio station with poisonous propaganda against Britain's Near Eastern prestige. Arabs responded warmly, spurned Moscow's agents and hailed placards bearing pictures of Mussolini and his German fellow dictator. Bari's announcers spoke in Arabic, extolling *Il Duce's* loving care for Islam and retailing tales of unrest in Britain's domains.

Last year, Mussolini's espionage advised an anti-Semitic campaign (see Topics of the Day) in Tripoli, as a foretaste for peninsular Italy's 70,000 Jews. Libyan Jews were flogged in the public squares for refusing to open their stores on Saturdays and close them on Sundays, in accordance with a decree issued by Gov. Italo Balbo. Indignation spread among world Jewry and reached Italian synagogs. Italian Rabbis' cautious protests were ignored.

But Tripoli's Jews received smuggled Egyptian newspapers which printed the

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uncensored version of world events. They read and told each other how Arabs sympathized mostly with the Spanish Loyalists and panned Mussolini for backing the Rebels; how *Il Duce*, unable to make a graceful exit from Spain, had turned his energies to creating further trouble in Palestine; how Magda Fontanges had told of her intimate interludes with *Il Duce*.

All this reached Mussolini's ears betimes. Furious, he instigated another mammoth anti-Jewish campaign which not even Mme. Margherita Sarfatti, his intimate Jewish friend and biographer, was able to prevent.

Last week, Italy's anti-Semitic campaign assumed virtually official sanction when Mussolini's own newspaper, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, warned Italian Jews to shun the Zionist movement because it is "in definite opposition to the Mediterranean spirit of Italy" and because the idea of a Jewish national home under British control would be hostile to Arab ideals.

As Britain rearmed at breakneck speed, its Near East worries hinged largely on solution of the Palestine dilemma and the ability of Ibn Sa'ud to hold his vast authority. But Ibn Sa'ud's failing health is alarming Britons, for his death would split his domains unless his heir, Emir Sa'ud, proves strong enough to check Italian expansion on the Arabian littoral. Already they have reconciled Saudi Arabia with Irak's young King and plied Emir Abdullah with offers of part of Palestine

PLUGGER UP: Neville Chamberlain Succeeds Where Flashier Father and Brother Failed

In the past century Joseph Chamberlain carved a brilliant career in British statesmanship. He coveted the Prime Ministry, but never got it despite his fame.

His brilliant son, Sir Austen Chamberlain, K.G., likewise shone with luster in the political firmament. He, too, coveted the Prime Ministry, but never got it.

Old Joe Chamberlain had another son, Neville. Neville Chamberlain was—and is—a plugger. He never showed flash. He plowed along stodgily in local politics for years while his father and half-brother were making Empire history, but, last week, he achieved their goal—the Prime Ministry.

In one way, the Premiership fell into his lap, he got it by the easy route. When Stanley Baldwin turned in his portfolio to King George VI after twenty-nine years of public service and left Buckingham Palace a belted earl, Court officials rushed to the telephone to summon Chancellor of the Exchequer Chamberlain to form a Ministry.

Alternative—Had Mr. Baldwin resigned because of an adverse vote in Parliament, the King would have been obliged to call in the Socialist leader, Maj. Clement Attlee. Had Baldwin's withdrawal been voluntary, with the Cabinet split on an important issue, Ministers would have had to vote on the logical successor.

But when Mr. Baldwin recommended Mr. Chamberlain as his successor, the Chancellor had no rival as Party leader, so he motored to the Palace, kissed the King's hand in token of his appointment as Prime Minister and proceeded to reshuffle the Cabinet.

Ramsay MacDonald, former Prime Minister and one-time Laborite, retired as Lord President of the Council. Like Mr. Baldwin, he had the offer of an earldom, but he rejected it lest the career of his son Malcolm be hindered. When he left Buckingham Palace he carried only autographed photos of the King and Queen as tribute to the long public service of the man who once was a Scottish stable-boy.

Viscount Halifax took over the elder MacDonald's post, tho young Malcolm stayed on as Dominions Secretary Sir Samuel Hoare inherited Sir John Simon's Home Secretaryship and Sir John replaced Mr. Chamberlain at the Treasury. Many had believed Alfred Duff Cooper, War Secretary, doomed because of his lagging recruiting program, not to mention his friendship for ex-King Edward. Instead, he was "kicked upstairs" to the Admiralty while Leslie Hore-Belisha, who, as Transport Minister, made a brilliant record un-

Germaine Krull from Black Star

Britain's Neville Chamberlain marches with his wife to No. 10 Downing St.

raveling Britain's snarled traffic, took over the difficult War portfolio.

Maj. the Hon. Oliver Stanley, Lord Derby's son, went to the Board of Trade in place of Walter Runciman, who retired. Anthony Eden, whose international views scarcely jibe with the new Premier's insular opinions, remained at the Foreign Office.

All these changes were minor ones. Probably a disappointed man was the Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, whose short-lived crusade for Edward cost him the reward his defense campaign had merited.

Mr. Chamberlain immediately prepared to move from his official home at No. 11 Downing Street to No. 10.

Neville Chamberlain was destined for business by his family. Whereas Sir Austen inherited their father's charm, his fondness for expert tailoring, his black-ribboned eye-glass and the orchid *boutonnière*, Neville was a plain, unpretentious man.

His first venture was an effort to make money on the Chamberlain hemp-plantation in the Bahamas. When the enterprise showed a $250,000 loss he went into his father's screw-factory back in Birmingham. Gradually lured into local politics while Sir Austen performed on the London scene, Neville became Lord Mayor, sponsored a successful housing project and gave Birmingham a municipal bank—a socialistic gift he later denied to other cities.

Tho he was forty-nine when he first entered Parliament in 1918, he had within four years wangled a Cabinet post as Postmaster-General. Putting in three terms as Health Minister, he revealed himself an able administrator. Meanwhile, his wife, attractive daughter of an Army officer, subsidized public-health investigations in the Midlands, supplied free milk to children and expectant mothers and accumulated data on which her husband based his policies.

Ice—In 1931 he went to the Exchequer (he had served a brief term there in '23) and began to show those financial and political qualities which make him the unrivaled Tory leader to-day. He balanced the budget, with a generous surplus, at a time when every other Power was in the red. Carrying out his father's dream, he persuaded the depression-struck country to abandon free trade for tariffs.

Mr. Chamberlain is a cold man. In all his public speeches—those droning, rather dull addresses in which his voice drops and fades at the end of a phrase—he has only twice voiced personal feeling. Once he referred to his dead father's joy if he could have heard his son introduce preferential tariffs; again, defending a maternity bill, he mentioned that this mother died in childbirth.

IN COVENTRY: British Old Guard Plays the Game with New "Sportsmanship" Rules

"I have never seen a happier couple."

All last week, Dr. Charles Mercier, Mayor of the little French village of Monts, bustled about, beaming. Thursday was rehearsal day. The lovers went through their lines magnificently. The lady, now—her French was rather better than his. Droll fellow—reminding everybody that he had been in France during the War and had "always managed to get about." Perhaps it wasn't wise to omit that "I promise to obey." *Le petit duc* might live to regret it.

Friday, Saturday, Sunday—would the Day never come? The women were in a dither. It was much as a man could do to attend to the new babies and a case of croup and the rehearsals—and, always, women under foot. Like this Aunt Bessie, twittering about the oyster-forks and ordering flowers from Paris.

Mais l'amour. One positively never had seen a happier couple.

Boycott—If the Duke of Windsor and Wallis Warfield were happy, it was no fault of the Old Guard back in London. London! How far away it all seemed—that morbid crowd at Ipswich, the unforgetable hours at Fort Belvedere—

But *they* had not forgotten—Canterbury, Baldwin and the rest. Clear across the English Channel and into the heart of the most tolerant country on earth, their boycott penetrated.

British sportsmanship: No member of

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the Royal Family could attend the wedding, altho the Duke of Kent and the warm-hearted Princess Royal very much wanted to. No Anglican clergyman could officiate (the American woman's divorces having been ever so much wickeder than fat Henry VIII's). No one holding Court or government positions dared show himself in Monts.

Ultrasportsmanlike touch: The persons who had driven the man before whom they once bowed and scraped into this venomous Coventry left it to his brother the King to reveal to Edward the extent to which Tory vindictiveness can go.

Snookers—Only a handful managed to dodge the censors' pencils: Lady Selby, wife of the British Minister to Austria (tho Sir Walford himself was told to stay away); Dudley Forwood, the Duke's equerry, and W. C. Graham, British Consul-General at Nantes. And, then, of course, those who didn't have to pass the censor: A. G. Allen, the bridegroom-elect's solicitor; Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman of Washington, D. C., Wallis Warfield's Aunt Bessie; Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Bedaux, the couple's hosts at the Château of Cande; the Baron and Baroness Eugene de Rothschild, Edward's hosts in early Austrian exile; Mme. Mercier, the marrying Mayor's wife.

But two men defied the Lord's self-anointed Deputies, thereby becoming Britain's heroes of the hour. Sir Walter Monckton, Attorney-General of the Duke's old Duchy of Cornwall, flew to Monts (incidentally, so London heard, to double the ante on the lovers' allowances), and Hugh Lloyd Thomas, Counselor of the British Embassy in Paris, also put an impudent thumb to his handsome nose.

Maj. Edward Dudley ("Fruity") Metcalfe, the handsome Irishman who says he would rather serve the ex-King now than before, was rewarded for his loyalty with the rôle of best man—tho the Duke would have preferred seeing his handsome brother Kent standing there straight and smiling in gray pin-stripes. Herman L. Rogers, the New Yorker who had shielded Wallis Warfield all through her exile, also had his reward—nomination as bride's witness.

But the Duke's closest friends, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten (he is Edward's cousin) and Lord Brownlow, who accompanied the bride to France, dared not risk official Britain's vengeance.

THUMBS DOWN: Hollanders Smack Fascism at Polls and Back Premier's Rearmament Plan

Past fields incredibly bright with red, yellow, purple and pink tulips in full bloom, the Netherlands trooped to the polls last week.

Like common folk of the realm, Crown Princess Juliana and her husband, Prince Bernhard, stood in a simple polling-booth in the village of Dard, patiently awaiting their turn to vote.

Men and women in the line offered her their places, but the newly-slenderized Princess smilingly declined. She looked tired and observers who noted that she gave up tennis a month ago forecast that Hollanders soon might welcome another heir to the Throne.

Anton-Adrian Mussert, fascist leader, had boasted that his National Socialists would capture ten seats out of 100 in the Lower House, in which they previously had failed to land a single member.

But, like their Belgian neighbors in a recent election, the Netherlanders turned down fascism. The Nazis won only four seats. Immediately they shouted that quality in Parliament counted more than quantity.

Credo—A stocky man with sharp gray eyes and vast physical energy, Mussert lost his job as a government waterworks engineer three years ago because of membership in the Dutch Nazi Party. He has borrowed more ideas from Mussolini of Italy than from Hitler of Germany and, so far, following *Il Duce's* earlier policy (see Topics of the Day), he has not attacked Jews.

"We welcome Dutchmen of Jewish origin who show a truly national spirit," Mussert once told an interviewer. "And, in the Dutch East Indies, we should similarly welcome men of color."

Last September, when Premier Hendrik

Pictures Inc.

Premier Colijn devalued Holland's guilder and brought increased prosperity to his country

Colijn devalued the guilder, Mussert's popularity took a leap at the Premier's expense and the Nazi leader claimed 55,000 members. But the financial policy on which Doctor Colijn embarked increased prosperity in the country almost immediately. By the first of the year, imports were up 46 per cent., exports 33.

Benefiting from world rearmament, such industries as ship-building, machinery construction and air-plane works operated full time. The shipyards, with 13,875 employees, had doubled the number of workers and unemployment, tho still a serious national problem, had dropped 3 per cent. below the 1933 figure.

Tory—Doctor Colijn, friend and confidant of the devout Queen Wilhelmina, perhaps is a more ardent Calvinist than even the ruler. He opposes compulsory vaccination, socialism, the gay Continental Sunday, the French Revolution (which has been over these many years) and cremation. He favors capital punishment, a firm grip on the rich colonial empire and a strong Army and Navy.

As a young Army officer he proved an able administrator in the Netherlands East Indies and amazed his nation by building a city—Siantar—in a wilderness which was considered uninhabitable. It became a success.

A strong man even in those days, he swam miles through shark-infested waters and for four days hid in the jungle from hostile natives before he could get aid for comrades who had been shipwrecked with him. Just before the War, he became Defense Minister at home.

Fearing that the German scheme for the invasion of Belgium might include a march through the land of dikes, he built up an Army of 200,000 which the Queen mobilized as soon as the War broke out. Most Hollanders believe that Colijn's foresight insured the country's neutrality.

His recent election campaign recalled that earlier success. He stood on his record and listed as his proudest achievement the defense plan which, Holland hopes, will enable her to remain neutral in the next conflict. In a crisis he could mobilize 300,000 men and his program calls for 150,000 more.

Arms—He also has provided for 100 bombing-planes, eight submarines, new cruisers for colonial defense and more artillery. In the last two years defense expenditures have gobbled up $46,480,000, a tremendous sum for the country whose budget last year was less than $400,000,000.

Another of the Premier's accomplishments is the reclamation of the Zuider Zee, a tremendous draining-process which turned swamps and water into waving grain-fields and added a whole Province to the country.

Boosting his warning of "Democracy or Fascism," Doctor Colijn addressed thirty-five preelection mass-meetings in less than a month. At the end, voters gave him a greater victory than he won four years ago. His own Antirevolutionary Party got seventeen seats against fourteen then and the Catholics, largest Party in the country, increased their number from twenty-eight to thirty-one. Doctor Colijn's coalition now controls sixty-eight votes to the disunited Opposition's thirty-two.

NO DUDS: Blast of Spanish Loyalist Bombs on German War-Ship Heard Round World

Europe's chancelleries quaked with fear of another world war last week as Spanish Loyalist air-planes rained bombs on a German battle-ship and set the Reich aflame.

The famous new "pocket battle-ship" *Deutschland* (so-called because it compressed a world of military might within the small dimensions allowed by the once-respected Versailles Treaty) lay anchored in the calm of a Saturday evening in the port of Ibiza, Balearic Islands.

From overhead roared two planes of the Valencia Government. Fearlessly they flew low and accurately they dropped two bombs onto the decks of the *Deutschland*. Twenty-four German sailors were killed, nineteen seriously wounded and sixty-four slightly injured.

Vengeance—Swiftly the enraged Germans, goaded by Berlin, moved for reprisal. The *Admiral Scheer*, sister ship of the *Deutschland*, steamed at full speed out of the

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Balearics at the head of four other German warcraft to bombard the ancient southern Spanish town of Almeria.

For half an hour on Monday, Almeria's Moorish watch-tower shivered to the detonations of naval broadsides. Warned by the Loyalist commandant, the people of the port took shelter in basements and cellars, while their own shore-batteries thundered heavy reply, damaging one of their assailants' ships.

At least 100 non-combatant men, women and children were slain, scores of buildings ruined and the wounded filled the town's hospitals.

The Valencia Government quickly protested to the League of Nations, denouncing the bombardment as a "flagrant act of aggression" and declaring its bombing-planes merely were reconnoitering over the Balearics when the *Deutschland* opened up at them with antiaircraft guns, thus provoking retaliation.

Reprisal—Then another of its bombing squadrons proceeded to avenge the Almeria cannonading. Planes struck at Palma, on Majorca in the Balearics, killing more than twenty Insurgents.

As an immediate aftermath to the Almeria bombardment, the Nazi press of Germany declared the Reich felt avenged with this act of reprisal. Meanwhile, German delegates joined hands with the Italian delegates and withdrew from their neutrality pledges and the International Non-Intervention Committee. They were flabbergasted, incidentally, when Britain gave the lie to their insistence that the bombed *Deutschland* had business in the Balearic zone. The ship was there at her own risk, London declared.

The Almeria incident, which had caught Adolf Hitler in Munich and *Il Duce* in his home-town of Forli, found Britain's new Premier Neville Chamberlain seemingly acting more firmly than his predecessor, Stanley Baldwin.

Hastily assembled, the Cabinets of Britain and France framed their policies as decidedly as those of the Berlin-Rome Dictators. From Paris the Blum and Chamberlain Cabinets warned *Füehrer* Hitler against further acts of reprisal which, they said, might plunge Europe into war. To sooth Nazi nerves, however, they suggested that a neutral board of inquiry be named to fix the blame for the bombing of the *Deutschland*.

Seething with indignation, Germany and Italy demanded that the Non-Intervention Committee take stern measures to protect their ships from "new criminal attacks."

In the flurry, several other incidents went almost unnoticed: The Loyalist merchant-ship *Ciudad de Barcelona* was sunk off Spain's east coast, allegedly by Italian submarines. Fifty civilians were lost. The Spanish freighter *Granada* was torpedoed by an unidentified submarine off Salou. One member of the crew was killed. Again Valencia protested to the League.

Line-Up — So dangerous loomed the *Deutschland* incident in European Capitals that stock markets throughout Europe sagged sharply, while rumors flew that the opposing Berlin-Rome and British-French-Russian camps were headed for a showdown on the Spanish issue. Russian newspapers, which usually print screaming head-lines against Nazi and Fascist doings in Spain, commented warily.

Meanwhile, Insurgent Generalissimo Francisco Franco continued his thus-far-unsuccessful drive to capture the Basque Capital. Unleashing his full force of Heinkel bombers, he did heavy damage in Bilbao itself and harried the defenders of its "iron ring" of fortifications. His main objective was Geldacano, key to the Basques' last line of defense.

But the Basques were able to weather the onslaught, tho they suffered the loss of several of their much-needed air-planes.

Reaction—The tense international situation created on the Spanish front found even Washington on the alert. Secretary of State Cordell Hull returned to Washington and held long conferences with foreign-affairs experts. But Sen. William E. Borah found this an opportunity to storm at dictators and dictatorships.

"Dictators look upon people as so much fuel to feed the war-furnace," he said. "It is our duty to remain completely aloof."

The State Department, however, was concerned with two problems: In case of further international complications, a change in the application of the neutrality laws might be found advisable to cover other nations and a possible removal of the American Embassy from Valencia to a safer place.

"STATE OF SIEGE": Brazil Tries Mixing "Democracy" with Virtual Dictatorship

In 1792, a brave Brazilian, Tiradentes, suffered martyrdom for his liberal opinions.

To-day, his statue casts a forlorn shadow in front of the Tiradentes Palace, which houses Brazil's Chamber of Deputies in Rio de Janeiro, the Capital. It serves as a warning to those who differ with the Government.

Pres. Getulio Vargas, deeming himself a liberal, overthrew the Government seven years ago. Four years later, he had himself elected President. Since then most of those who held opposite opinions have been blacklisted as either Communists or Integralistas (Fascists).

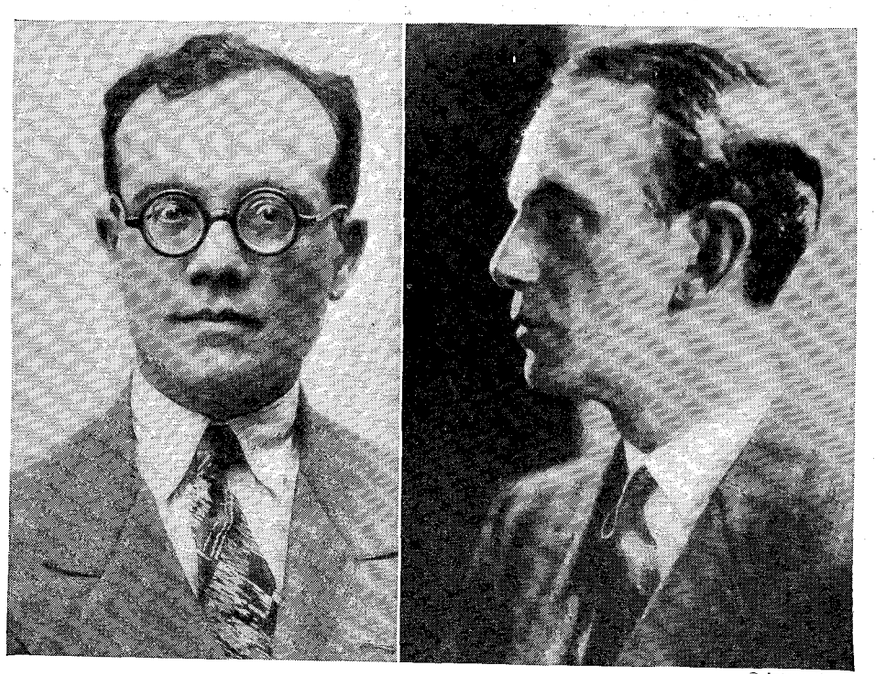
For three years after his election, Senhor Vargas battled with other "liberals." In March, 1936, he warned Brazil against the spread of communism and railroaded through his Congress a law which enabled him to declare a ninety-day "state of siege." Since then the "state of siege" has been renewed promptly at each expiration by Presidential signature.

Last week, Senhor Vargas relieved tension when a convention of his Party nominated a candidate other than himself for the January elections. Brazilians felt easier, thinking the danger of President Vargas succeeding himself removed. For once, Brazil's 1934 Constitution was upheld.

Carping—But critics of the Vargas "dictatorship" insisted that the Government's candidate, José Americo de Almeida, was but the President's puppet. Senhor Vargas, they said, would throw his full political machine behind Senhor Americo and thus insure continuance of the "state of siege."

Against Senhor Americo are pitched two rivals. Of these, Plinio Salgado, nominee of Brazil's 2,000,000 Integralistas, has the lesser chance. Senhor Vargas's formidable antagonist is Armando Salles de Oliveira, who last December resigned the Governorship of the State of São Paulo to become eligible for the Presidential race. In addition to his own State, Senhor Oliveira commands the stanch support of Rio Grande do Sul and Minas Geraes. It is among these "Big Three" States that the Presidency rotates according to tradition. Tho Senhor Vargas is a Rio Grandense, a strong section in that State fears him and would like to see him out.

But Senhor Vargas, flouting advice, chose Americo, former Cabinet Minister, hoping to break up the hegemony of the "Big Three." Senhor Americo comes from politically unimportant Parahyba, in North Brazil, tho he has a national reputation "beyond reproach." Before making his choice, however, Senhor Vargas closely scrutinized a recent test poll conducted in



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José Americo de Almeida, government candidate . . . Armando Salles de Oliveira who carries the "Big Three" States in race for Brazilian Presidency

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thirteen of the Republic's twenty States which showed that Americo had carried twelve States.

The most feared of President Vargas's political opponents is Francisco Flores de Cunha, Governor of Rio Grande do Sul, a completely self-sufficient State with a population of cattlemen, farmers and miners in which strains of Dutch, Huguenot, German and Portuguese blood mingle. Senhor da Cunha, once instrumental in installing Senhor Vargas in the Presidency, later became his bitterest foe when he suspected the President of trying to perpetuate his dictatorship.

To warn the Vargas régime, Senhor da Cunha raised an army of 30,000 under the label of railroad workers. President Vargas became alarmed and immediately relieved Senhor da Cunha of his part in enforcing the "state of siege." A Federal military commandant was sent to take charge of Rio Grande do Sul. Senhor da Cunha stormed, but agreed to obey "in order to preserve the dignity of Rio Grandenses." Meanwhile, he had been grooming Senhor de Oliveira for the Presidency.

President Vargas was taking no chances. With a muzzled press mostly supporting him, he proceeded to mop up the communists in Rio Grande do Sul and warned Senhor da Cunha to disband his "irregulars." This was the third time President Vargas had found it necessary to "intervene" in State affairs, for both Rio de Janeiro and Matto-Grosso are run by "Federal Interveners."

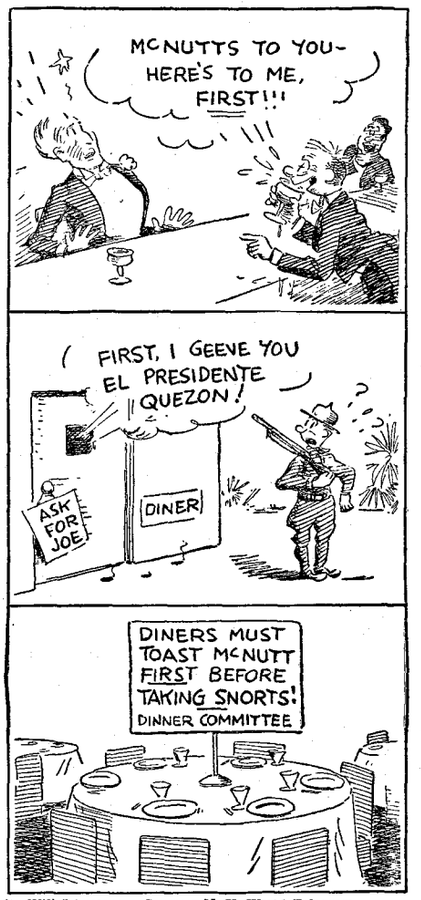
Shirts—Federal intervention is the key to Brazilian politics and to President Vargas' success. With the exception of the Communist Party and the green-shirted Integralistas, who work clandestinely, for the most part, political parties in general do not exist in Brazil. Instead, there is the Government and the Opposition Party. Each State has its own group, with the result that the official candidate, chosen by the Federal Administration and leaders of the principal States, virtually is assured of election. President Vargas therefore finds it necessary to control not so much the political parties but the States themselves.

It was the frequent clashes between the Integralistas and the Communists that led Senhor Vargas to put over the National Security Law of April 5, 1935, providing that "only the State has the prerogative of forming militias of whatever nature." But the law failed to prohibit the wearing of uniforms, thus enabling the Integralistas to don their green shirts, tho unarmed.

ON TOAST: Who's First in Hoisting Banquet Bumpers? That's the Question

Defender—Once barefoot boy, now swank, swart, slim, short and waspish, fifty-nine-year-old Manuel-Luis Quezon, first brown ruler of the 7,091 Philippine Islands since Ferdinand Magellan discovered them in 1521—President of the Philippine Commonwealth, Secretary of National Defense, Secretary of Public Works and Communications, economic czar of the Islands, Catholic, Chinese Order of the Brilliant Jade, avowed admirer of the methods of Benito Mussolini.

Challenger—Paul Vories McNutt, forty-five and prematurely silver-haired, handsome A.B., LL.B., LL.D., former law professor, field artillery colonel, American Legion National Commander, Governor of Indiana, now High Commissioner to the Philippines; Knight of the French Legion of Honor, Commander of the Order of Polonia Restituta, Methodist, Mason, Elk, Rotarian, Kiwanian—known to his enemies as "The Hoosier Hitler."


McNUTTS TO YOU- HERE'S TO ME, FIRST!!!
FIRST, I GEEVE YOU EL PRESIDENTE QUEZON!
ASK FOR JOE
DINER
DINERS MUST TOAST McNUTT FIRST BEFORE TAKING SNORTS!
DINNER COMMITTEE

By Will Johnstone. Courtesy N. Y. World-Telegram

NEWS ITEM: "McNutt wants precedence over Philippine officials in toasts"

Last week, despite the pain that shot through him as a physician burned a hair-root out of an inflamed eyelid, President Quezon, in New York, chuckled at having drawn first blood.

McNutt's apparent arrogance in circularizing foreign consuls in Manila with instructions that he, the High Commissioner, should be toasted at banquets ahead of the President of the Commonwealth was, Quezon knew, but the first of many howls to be wrung from his antagonist before the match was over.

Wrath because he was not consulted by the White House before Colonel McNutt was appointed High Commissioner (the Governor was named on twenty-four hours' notice, announced while President Quezon was on a train speeding from the Pacific Coast to New York), President Quezon began the battle to prove himself No. 1 man in the Islands.

Agitation—During his trip to the British Coronation, for which in vain he sought an official invitation through the State Department, President Quezon's personal organ in Manila, *The Philippines Herald*, has been pin-pricking the Commissioner with a campaign to reduce to its lowest the definition of his powers.

With his own powers the Commonwealth President had expressed frank discontent in Washington during a hectic postseason social whirl of which he was the center. Smarting because only representatives of the City of Washington and the Bureau of Insular Affairs met him at the Capital (the same turn-out which greeted him as President of the Philippine Senate), he has snorted at embassy dining-tables, to the press, wherever ears listened.

"It is not fair that whoever happens to be temporarily supervising the affairs of the Philippines should prevail. . . . We must be let alone, without interference from the High Commissioner . . . or even the President of the United States."

To Quezon's long build-up of himself as top man in the Islands, Commissioner McNutt's circular letters to consuls rating him fourth in toasts and second in power was but an awkward haymaking swing countering a whole flock of short-arm jabs.

Build-Up—Not new to peppery little *El Presidente* is the business of bringing American officials down, himself up, a peg.

As far back as 1921 to 1927, when Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood was, not High Commissioner, but Governor General, and when Quezon was President of the Philippine Senate, the battle raged. So fiercely was it fought that Quezon fell ill from tuberculosis, an illness he fought for six years; the General, a beaten man, came home to die.

Even with the suave Frank J. Murphy, who had the minimum of trouble with the high-strung, sensitive and proud Filipinos, Quezon had at least one clash over precedence.

For his inauguration as newly elected Commonwealth President in 1935, he slyly drew up an elaborate ceremony including a salute of twenty-one guns. But for nosy newspaper men, the salute very likely would have been fired; but when the newsmen pointed out that the head of a completely sovereign State, a visiting King or the President of the United States, rates no more than twenty-one, the good-natured Murphy had to act.

Cross—Query to the White House, which queried the State Department, brought a ruling that nineteen powder-blasts, the salute rated by the High Commissioner, would have to be good enough for Quezon. The ruling so angered the tense little President that, as he said later, he "almost did not attend the inauguration."

To most of Quezon's little vanities, Murphy tactfully yielded. He agreed that the President should outrank him socially; but that in official functions in which he had to represent United States sovereignty, the High Commissioner should take precedence. Such functions he then avoided as much as possible, asserting his authority only in practical affairs of the Islands, usually disposed of with few if any witnesses.

When the *China Clipper* reached Manila, he let Quezon have all the public show. By such tactics, or tact, he became the only Governor General or High Commissioner known to Filipinos by his first name.

When he left the Islands, Murphy carried in his pocket coins minted with his own shaggy-browed profile and that of the bushy-haired President together.

Murphy is held by experts as partially responsible—through "spoiling" the

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Filipinos—for McNutt's difficulties, which these same experts assert, have only begun.

Back in the so-called "Empire Days," American soldiers in the Islands used to sing:

> Oh, is Mac the boss, or is Mac the tool?
> Is Mac the Governor General or hobo?
> I'd like to know who'll be boss of this show—
> Will it be Mac or Emilio Aguinaldo?

The "Mac" then was Lt. Gen. Arthur MacArthur, father of Douglas, now first Field-Marshal of the Philippine Army; the song still is sung at the annual Wallow of the Military Order of the Carabao as veterans of the Islands assemble in Washington.

Slightly altered, with Quezon substituted for Aguinaldo, the song will be apropos between rounds of the present battle of the century.

UPOL: Smack Atop North Pole, Russia Sets Up Radio to Send Aerial Weather-Reports

When football-shouldered Mikhail Vodopyanoff first squeezed himself into a Red Army uniform, he never had seen a motor-car or air-plane and couldn't read or write.

Fascinated by motor-trucks, he wangled himself into the transport corps, then into aviation. On his Army discharge, he was good enough to be a mail-pilot in Siberia and, in 1934, to help fly off the crew of the ice-breaker *Chelyuskin*, wrecked in the arctic, thereby winning Russia's equivalent of the Congressional Medal, the title "Hero of the Soviet Union."

Boiling with plans for air-routes across the north pole to the United States, unable to cool his enthusiasm sufficiently to put the project in a dry-as-dust report, Mikhail two years ago wrote it in the form of a novel, "The Pilot's Dream."

Play—Last week, while the Muscovites crammed a theater to see the novel in drama form, Vodopyanoff, with forty-one others, was on the ice near the pole, struggling to make the dream come true.

With eleven of the forty-one, he had hopped off from Rudolf's Island, 556 miles south of the pole; and, after seven hours in the glare of the all-day arctic sun, had dropped through the clouds to land.

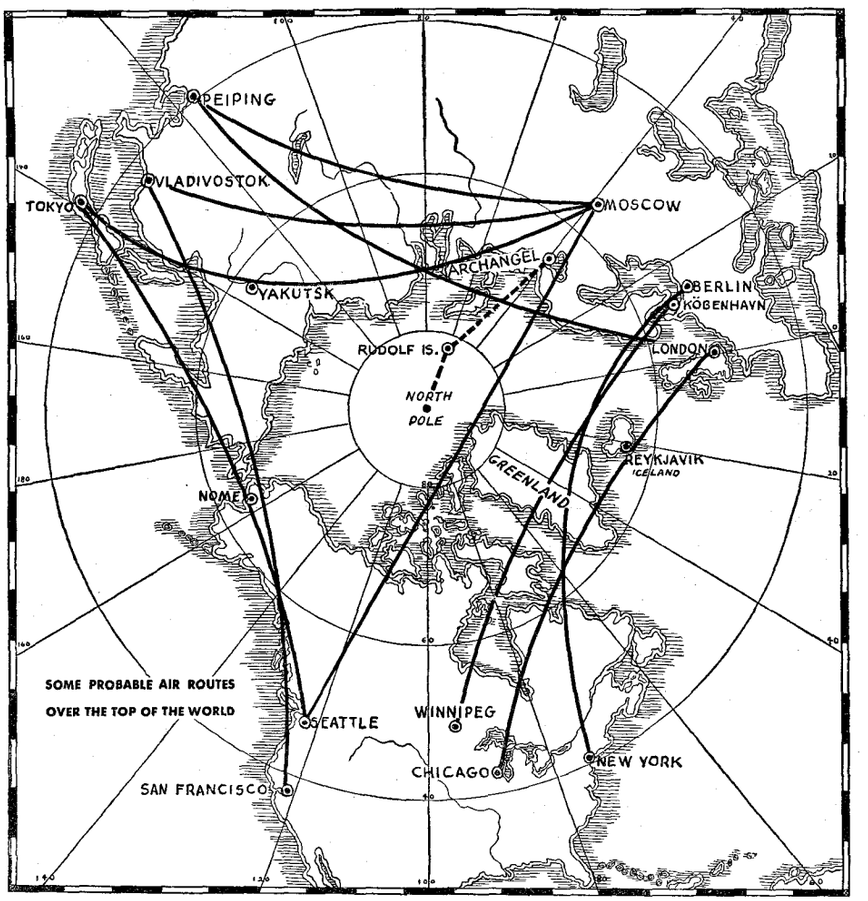
Circling over the spotless expanse of white, he had dropped heavy, old-fashioned cannon-balls to test the ice. Last man to set foot there, Rear Adm. Robert E. Peary, who had camped for thirty hours twenty-eight years ago, had reported the ice only ten feet thick—often thinner.

Grinning when the heavy iron balls bounced and rolled instead of disappearing, Vodopyanoff circled again, dropped, this time, big paper bags. These struck in explosions of powdered color, drifting and settling in long streamers of red on the snow, perfect wind-direction indicators. Circling again into the wind the great four-motored plane coasted down, bumped over the snow and scraped to a stop.

When, late in 1935, Vodopyanoff handed "The Pilot's Dream" to black-bearded Prof. Otto Schmidt,* the fierce-looking, but jolly and popular explorer had carried it to Josef V. Stalin.

"Go ahead," said Stalin, after the professor, popularly known as "Father Ice," explained the plan to him over a globe. "But be careful. No wasting of lives."

*Chief of the Arctic Administration Bureau, former commander of the *Chelyuskin*, mathematics professor at the University of Moscow, Editor of the "Soviet Encyclopedia."



Courtesy Asia Magazine

Last year was passed in preparations. Vodopyanoff flew to Russia's handful of islands called Franz Josef's Land, inside the arctic circle, laying an advance base on Rudolf's Island.

Back near Moscow, men tested apparatus, concentrated food, motors and tools. One group lived in the fur-lined double-walled, pumped-up-with-a-bicycle-pump rubber house that the expedition is using—to see if it worked.

By last February, Doctor Schmidt, as head of the expedition, had four planes, forty-two men and nine tons of equipment; was ready to go.

First hop was to Rudolf's Island, where the advance camp was laid. To blaze the way, pilot-dreamer Vodopyanoff hopped off ahead of the others on the last 556 miles to the Pole, there to set up a half-ton radio transmitter which was to throw a beam the others could follow in.

Something went wrong. A short circuit wrecked the big generator.

When Station UPOL (Union Polaris) broadcast the first weather-reports and the story of the arrival, not at the pole but seventy miles away, it was a weak little message from the regular transmitter of the plane.

Following in high above the clouds, blinded by the glare of the sun and unguided by the radio beam, two of the three other bombers, with twenty-nine men and equipment, missed UPOL altogether, one overshooting the pole thirty-five miles and the other falling short by twelve, neither less than twenty-five from the dreamer's plane.

Force—The third plane, with Doctor Schmidt and more radio equipment, coasted down beside plane No. 1. Soon the weather-reports which UPOL is to broadcast at six-hour intervals began to come out with added power.

"Of inestimable value," Washington weather-experts said the reports would be. Varied, certainly, they were, shifting from "Comparatively warm . . . 12 below zero . . . sun is shining" to "foggy . . . temperature rising . . . high winds from the direction of Alaska"* with bewildering rapidity.

Meanwhile, as the weather cleared intermittently, the two lost planes hopped in to the base and the crews set up the camp in which four of their number are to live through the long, dark winter.

Detail-Camp—The radio operator, Ernest Krenkel, is the same Krenkel who accompanied south polar explorer Rear Adm. Richard E. Byrd to the antarctic in 1930.

Next spring, if the zigzag drift of a half-mile-an-hour does not carry the camp too far and if the 5,000 chickens condensed to sixty-six pounds of powder, along with the caviar, forty-eight other kinds of powdered food (no cans, Doctor Schmidt objecting to the weight of the water canned with the food) and the twenty-three quarts of brandy carry the four watchers through to another arctic day, they hope station UPOL will be a veteran.

Then, perhaps before, they expect another plane to come down, a big Douglas transport-plane. In it, if more dreams come true, will be Sigismund Levanevsky, who tried, in 1935, to make the 6,000-mile cross-pole flight from Moscow to San Francisco and failed because of a broken feed-pipe.

*As all winds are from the south at the pole, direction must be indicated by naming the land from which they blow.

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GAS DEATH LURKS ON UNSEEN WINGS

Carbon Monoxid Kills in Homes, Automobiles and Air-Planes

Poison gas usually is thought of as a War-time horror. Actually, you can not drive an automobile, smoke a pipe or cigarette, or stroll through a busy city street without coming in contact, in greater or less degree, with a peace-time gas which is estimated to take a toll of 25,000 lives annually in the United States. This insidious killer is carbon monoxid.

Last week, the Bureau of Air Commerce, in its monthly *Air Commerce Bulletin*, warned air-plane pilots against the danger of carbon monoxid poisoning. No one knows how many mysterious air-plane crashes may have been caused by the sluggishness or unconsciousness of pilots gassed by their own engine fumes. Exhaust gases of plane-engines contain from 2 to 7 per cent. carbon monoxid which can enter the pilot's cabin through seepage, contamination of the slip-stream, inefficient exhaust-heaters or turbulence set up by engines.

The Bureau warns that at high altitudes the body has increased difficulty in obtaining an adequate supply of oxygen, hence is unusually susceptible to carbon monoxid poisoning. It recommends the installation of detectors which give instant readings of the degree of "CO saturation."

Toll—Asphyxiation annually kills 50 per cent. more persons in the United States than automobile accidents. About 1,000 a week, 50,000 a year, die from asphyxia, which includes such causes as drowning, electric shock, and asphyxia of the newly-born. Approximately half of these deaths are due to carbon monoxid.

Almost all are preventable, except suicides. Death by gas is by far the most popular American method of taking one's own life. Such a shuffling off of the mortal coil as a rule is painless and leaves a more homogenous cadaver than firearms or knife-slashing.

Chief danger of carbon monoxid is its lack of color, taste, or odor. In extremely large concentrations it has a slight garlic-like scent. As little as six parts of carbon monoxid to 10,000 parts of air can produce coma in two hours.

Human senses can not be depended on to warn of its presence. The commonest symptom of carbon monoxid poisoning is a slight headache, a feeling of tightness across the forehead.

Thousands of persons are unwitting victims of the gas, believing they merely are suffering transient distress from something they ate. The chronic form of carbon monoxid poisoning is far more wide-spread than commonly is believed.

In Pittsburgh, the housewives of a four-family apartment suffered chronic discomfort, headaches and listlessness. It seemed strange that four normally healthy women should suffer the same symptoms at the same time. One of them suggested that fumes from a near-by highway might be poisoning them.

The highway was proved to be innocent, but tests demonstrated that improperly adjusted natural-gas ranges in the four kitchens poured out enough carbon monoxid to cause headache in an hour.

Dangers—People respect carbon monoxid sufficiently not to run an automobile-engine in a closed garage, but four times as many gas deaths occur in homes as in private garages. Poorly adjusted ranges, or heaters burning under abnormal conditions, are frequent causes of fatal gassing.

Alcoholics are particularly susceptible to carbon monoxid. So are children and young men, who usually breathe more deeply than oldsters. The obese are the favored targets of CO: human fat dissolves carbon monoxid, builds up a poison reservoir in the body which continues its deadly work long after the victim may have been removed from the source of danger.

Wide World

Poisoned by gas . . . police and firemen save lives with artificial respiration tricks

Carbon monoxid kills because it has an insatiable hunger for hemoglobin. Hemoglobin is the red coloring matter of the blood whose job it is to carry life-giving oxygen through the system. Carbon monoxid combines with hemoglobin with 300 times the avidity of oxygen, literally starves the body for lack of that essential element.

A trifling amount of CO, breathed over a period of hours, can build up a serious concentration in the blood stream. The victim of carbon monoxid is just as badly off as the Ancient Mariner: he is surrounded by oxygen which he can not breathe.

Cause—Whence comes CO? Usually from the incomplete combustion of carbonaceous materials. The ancients used it as a form of execution, suffocated victims with charcoal-vapor in the bath.

One of the most efficient producers of carbon monoxid is the automobile-engine. An eighty-horse-power car produces four cubic feet of carbon monoxid in one minute, about the quantity required to fill the average household refrigerator. In five minutes such a motor can produce enough CO in a small garage to cause coma within a brief period.

The number of automobile accidents that can be attributed to carbon monoxid is conjectural; probably the majority of those caused by the driver's dozing at the wheel can be charged to gas-poisoning. In a test of 1,500 motorists conducted by the Cities Service Company, 57 per cent. reported that driving made them sleepy, 38 per cent. that they suffered from headaches while driving, 28 per cent. admitted dulling of the mental faculties—all symptoms of CO poisoning.

The most efficient car at present gives off 4 per cent. carbon monoxid, the average car about 13 per cent. Remedies are ventilation, the best possible adjustment for combustion, and repair of defective exhaust-pipes. Loose piston-rings also can cause dangerous CO seepage.

Carbon monoxid is present in the air of heavily traveled streets, but usually not in sufficient quantities to cause a hazard to health, except for traffic officers who frequently are subject to mysterious headaches.

Sunday driving on a crowded highway, however, may not be the healthiest recreation imaginable. The occupants of an automobile thirty feet behind a car running ahead of them at ten miles an hour are surrounded by exhaust-gases containing from one to two parts of carbon monoxid to 10,000 parts of air, a concentration sufficient to produce a blood saturation of 30 per cent. Forty per cent. is the collapse threshold. Wise drivers, therefore, do not crowd too closely on the bumper of the car ahead of them.

Puffers—Tobacco smoking, according to tests conducted by the Bureau of Mines, also produces carbon monoxid. Three subjects at a time were tested in a non-ventilated room of 1,000 cubic feet capacity. They smoked steadily for two hours. In fifteen minutes they were uncomfortable, in forty-five minutes goggles were necessary to prevent eye-irritation.

At the end of each test the carbon monoxid was about six times more concentrated than it would have been in a ventilated room. The highest percentage of CO present never was greater than 0.02 and the saturation of the blood not over 5.

Even when cigarette smoke was inhaled, the amount of carbon monoxid taken in

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was found to be no greater than is present on a heavily traveled city street.

Deaths from carbon monoxid in the home largely can be prevented by checking adjustments of gas-stoves, ranges and connections. Do not shut the drafts of coal-stoves or furnaces too soon after banking the fire; wait until blue flame breaks through the fresh coal. Do not pour water on hot coals. Do not turn up the flame of a gas-range high enough to boil over a pan so it would extinguish the flame.

When a gas-flame touches cold metal, carbon monoxid is generated. An unflued heater never should be allowed to burn in a room at night where persons are sleeping unless the windows are open. Summer cottages are particularly likely to have this type of heating equipment.

By the time the victim of carbon monoxid realizes what is happening to him it is too late. A person at rest may become dizzy or unconscious without any marked previous effects.

Victims have been found seated at tables with food or utensils in their hands quite as if they had dropped peacefully to sleep. In acute cases, headache is the first warning-signal, then dizziness, nausea, abdominal pains, weakness in the legs and hallucinations.

Signals—Diagnosis is made by the characteristic pink skin, red lips, blotchy skin areas of the victim. The blood usually is cherry red. A test of a single drop will quickly confirm or reject the diagnosis of CO poisoning.

The first measure of aid is to get the victim out into the open air; fortunately, the compound formed by carbon monoxid with blood hemoglobin is not permanent. Breathing fresh air, or, preferably, oxygen with a 5 per cent. addition of carbon dioxid, helps the patient's lungs to exhale the poison. Often the victim may have ceased to breathe, in which case prone-pressure resuscitation is used to restore normal lung-action.

Wisest of all courses is to call the police emergency-squad or local gas company. They usually are equipped with inhalators, which a physician in private practise may not possess.

Even tho normal breathing is induced and the carbon monoxid removed from the blood, some cases terminate fatally. This is thought to be due to permanent injury suffered by the brain-cells and nervous system during oxygen starvation.

Doctors are studying measures to relieve the swelling in the brain which is believed to be the most serious after-effect of CO poisoning. Blood transfusions increase pressure in the brain, hence are not recommended. The most generally used methods of reducing pressure are the elimination of body fluids by catharsis, lumbar puncture or bleeding.

NICKEL-EATERS: The Story of the King of "Diggers," Peep Shows and Slot Devices

Last week, with the penny arcades and amusement parks starting their seasonal up-swing under the influence of a Memorial day hypodermic, William Rabkin was one of the busiest men in Manhattan. Bill Rabkin—the coin-game business is not one which goes in for formal monnikers or the genuflective "Mr."—is a dark-haired, slender man in his forties with a fondness for Havana cigars and an amazing way of sitting energetically.

Bill Rabkin . . . one of his own Photomatic pictures . . . snapped and framed in two minutes

His firm, the International Mutoscope Reel Company, does an international business in such provocative machines as Bowl-a-Game, Polerino, Test-o-Graph, Punch-a-Bay, Hurdle-Hop, Shoot-o-Matic and Magic Finger. Chiefly, Rabkin is famous as the man who originated the digger game.

Twenty-five years ago, young Rabkin, employed as a messenger by a Centre Street firm, managed to sandwich in a daily stint of dallying at various Manhattan excavations. The grace of huge steam-shovels fascinated him.

He took a mental count of his fellow *kibitzers* and for fifteen years, while he learned the mechanic's trade, the notion plagued him that the steam-shovel in action was a colossal show that nobody was cashing in on. The idea finally nagged him into becoming an inventor.

Try-Out—A decade ago, his first digger game went into action at Coney Island, No. 1 test spot for coin-operated gadgets. He put a miniature steam-shovel behind a glass case, piled earth around it and the device delivered action by the shovelful when the player moved remote-control levers.

Somehow the idea lacked "socko," as they say in the trade. Rabkin added shells and gravel to the earth-pile. This was better. He added hard candies which could be shoveled up and delivered through a chute. That was better yet.

Eventually, the big hunch came: why not load the case with merchandise which could be picked up as prizes if the operator were skilful enough?

The combination was an instant success. To-day, the digger or the crane game does a box-office business in almost every sizable city except New York. London alone has 4,000; Rabkin's company has turned out some 12,000 diggers at about $250 apiece. Imitations have sprung up. Crane games have become a big-time merchandising medium.

The Ronson Company last year sold 750,000 cigarette-lighters to the machine trade. Ladies' compacts, lip-sticks, jewelry, jack-knives in amazing tonnage slip through the delivery-chute of the diggers. An equally amazing stream of nickels slides through the coin-chute. A digger which takes in $50 a week usually will distribute only $25 worth of merchandise.

When Rabkin added the prize-feature to his diggers, the mechanism had to be redesigned to become a game of skill. The cranes have shiny chains which lower metal talons that clutch at a desired prize. Dials on the outside of the glass case manipulate the machinery. Since operators depend on a repeat trade for profits, only the most short-sighted stuff the display case with objects too big or too slippery for the claws to grab.

"New York," says Rabkin philosophically, "is the purest city in the country."

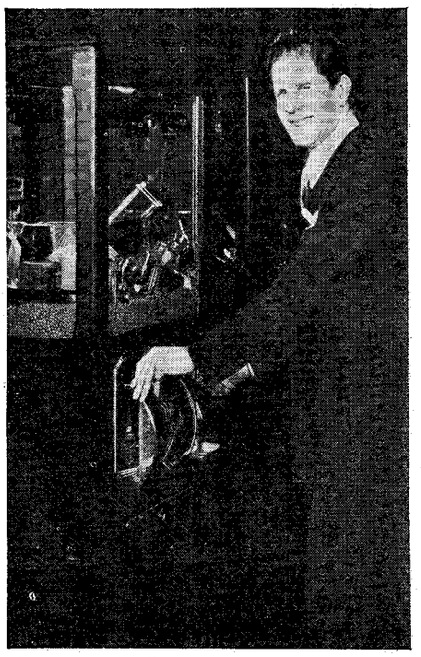
Raids—He means that the police swoop down on crane games in Manhattan and impound them as gambling-devices. It was not thus always. Until a year ago, the diggers were packing them in on Broadway and Sixth Avenue. Operators with a score or more machines set up "Cranelands" and "Sportlands." Soon the police began haling operators before magistrates. Legal tussles ensued.

Crane games never have been declared legally to be other than games of skill, but the zealous harassment of "New York's Finest" drove the games out of town. Rabkin established a branch factory in New Jersey to turn them out. In his New York display-room, a model digger is fitted with a push-button instead of a coin-slide to thwart confiscation.

"They confuse them," protests the inventor, "with slot-machines. There isn't any racketeering in the crane-game business."

Manufacturers of arcade games, in fact, are earnest enemies of slot-machines which swallow dimes and quarters and return an occasional jack-pot. These devices snare trade from merchandising games. In Paris, where slot-machines run unrestricted, the digger game is a "floppola."

Opportunity—The industrial crash of 1929 was a bonanza to coin-game manufacturers. Until that year, they encountered difficulties in placing their machines in lusher locations such as hotel lobbies. Managements inclined to be snooty had a change of heart when offered machines



Band leader Vallee tries his luck on Rabkin's crane game: he may draw a new jack-knife

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which would pay telephone overhead or the wages of a clerk each week.

Much of the profits derived from crane games went into the development of Rabkin's Photomatic machine, an $800 cage which shoots a portrait and delivers it in a metal frame in two minutes.

An inventor and mechanic at heart, Rabkin constantly is developing new coin-operated amusement-devices. Last week, his organization was busy perfecting a passion-meter. This is a tall machine with a metal plate on which the palm of the hand is placed. A dial is set for *Man* or *Woman*.

When a coin is dropped in a slot, a light flashes on behind a glass panel divided into rectangles with appropriate lettering. If the man's reading is "Mamma's Boy," or the girl friend's "Iceberg," successive coins are flooded into the chute until a more satisfactory degree of emotional caloric is registered (the one objective of the coin-game designer is repeat business).

Tricks—To Jung, Adler, Freud and the rest, Bill Rabkin could give practical pointers in psychology. He has learned that men will patronize his Photomatic machine in the sanctuary of a men's room, but will not pose for their pictures where the ladies can observe their primping. Everybody tries to beat the penny weighing-machines. When one man drops a cent in the slot and reads his weight, his friend steps on the platform to get a free reading. The manufacturers try to beat that minor form of chiseling by building a ratchet into the dial mechanism, but if a heavy man takes the platform first and his light-weight friend slides on as the heavy-weight gets off, the machine can be cheated successfully. All coin-machines must be heavily built to endure the shaking and slugging of disappointed customers. Bill sells machines to operators who lease them to stores or bars or hotels.

The International Mutoscope Reel Company is the parent of the motion-picture industry, a lineal descendant of the old Biograph Company which gave Mary Pickford her first posing assignment at $5 a day. The mutoscope is the original peep-show—a series of still pictures flipped by a crank, giving the illusion of motion.

Some of the original machines, sold forty years ago, still are used. Recently the industry has shown new signs of life. You can buy a mutoscope now for $25 and new reels for $18. The more popular "new, snappy pictures of bashful girls and beaming beauties" include such titles as "Klassy Kickers," "He Got an Eyeful," "Bare Facts" and "Wiggling Wonders."

But before any new reel is marketed, Diggerman Rabkin has John S. Sumner of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice pass upon its piety.

CRACKERS AND MILK:

"John D." Beat Dyspepsia by Diet and Regular Habits for Longevity

For forty-two years the dominating purpose of John D. Rockefeller was to live as long as possible.

At fifty-five he was dyspeptic, sallow-skinned, wrinkled and old beyond his years. Illness had robbed him of his hair, his eyebrows, his mustache. Gossip spread the report, never authentic, that he had offered $1,000,000 to any one who could give him a new stomach and a new crop of hair.

An unfeeling world snickered at the spectacle of the wealthiest man in history unable to eat a square meal. The milk and graham-cracker diet of "John D." solaced a good many of the downtrodden who had cast-iron stomachs to compensate for the jingle of coppers in their pants. The oil magnate's persistent secrecy about his health gave an added fillip to the jest.

Joker—But John D. Rockefeller achieved the age of ninety-seven, outliving the generation which conceived him to be at the edge of the grave forty years ago. He had the advantage of inheriting a sturdy constitution, which he nearly wrecked during the hectic early struggles of Standard Oil. He also had the means to buy the best medical attention.

It is entirely possible that he would have lived to be ninety-seven even if he had been careless in his habits. But the medical probability is that he achieved his advanced age because he was the perfect

Acme

Bicycling the golf-course . . . "John D.'s" early energy-conservation program

patient: he had the rare good sense to follow medical advice implicitly, never cheated on recommended diets, never pampered himself, conserved his strength with the utmost singleness of purpose.

The family physician, Dr. H. F. Biggar of Cleveland, warned Rockefeller when he was fifty-five that it was a case of his money or his life — either he must retire from the strain and tumult of Standard Oil or his body would collapse. During McKinley's Administration, Rockefeller took Doctor Biggar's advice and began to drop out of active commercial life. The clock became the regulator of his life.

He played golf every day, using a bicycle to ride from one hole to another. This was a carefully calculated means of conserving his energy. He watched his temperature carefully, took pains to avoid overheating. Milk was the principal item in his diet. He insisted on plenty of sleep.

Always apprehensive about his health, possessing a sensitive stomach, it is quite possible that Rockefeller was a mild hypochondriac who never was quite so ill as he believed.

Exercise, the milk-and-cracker diet and regularity of habits in time restored Rockefeller to health. His diet changed as the years rolled on, but never his routine of 7 A.M. rising, 9 P.M. retiring to allow himself ten-hours' sleep.

When he died last week, his hearing was acute, he still had most of his teeth and his will to live had survived the encroachment of senility. In late years he was accustomed to eat meals which were 75 per cent. vegetable.

Milk, fruit-juice, cereals and eggs also were permitted. He could eat poultry and lamb, but no pork or beef.

His diet very largely followed the principles of Prof. H. C. Sherman of Columbia University (LITERARY DIGEST, April 17), leading nutrition expert, who believes that a decade can be added to the average life-span if the milk-and-vegetable content of the diet is increased.

Expectations — The several Rockefeller homes contained elaborate medical equipment such as basal-metabolism machines, fluoroscopes and oxygen-tanks, ordinarily not found outside a hospital or physician's office. Wheel-chairs and elevators were used for transport within the home or male nurses carried their patient to conserve the last ounce of his energy.

More people probably will live to Rockefeller's age in years to come. By 1975, if trends continue, 12 per cent. of the population may be expected to be sixty-five or older. In 1930, the proportion was 5.5 per cent. In 1880, only three and one-half persons out of 100 were sixty-five or older.

SCIENCE SNAPS

Alchemy—Ancient alchemists are turning over in their graves as scientists at Princeton University come a step nearer to the discovery of the philosopher's stone with the cyclotron, a machine which fires bullets of electrically charged helium atoms. The scientists peppered away at chlorin atoms until they were transformed into potassium, then into the inert gas, argon. Marksmanship is pretty poor, however: 1,000,000 helium bullets must be fired to score a single hit on a chlorin atom.

* * *

Six-Day Brandy—Napoleonic vintages in brandy can be turned out in six days, according to a message of hope extended to *cognac* sniffers by chemists of the United States Bureau of Chemistry and Soils. It is done by treating raw brandy with ionized silver atoms.

* * *

Concrete Massage—Concrete lasts longer when given a vibrator rub-down by machines working on the principle of those used in beauty parlors. The Bureau of Public Roads announces that concrete slabs which are given a good shimmy treatment are stronger, denser, have fewer air-pockets than ordinary slabs of similar composition.

* * *

Bus Mike—Drivers of the new rear-engine buses often clash gears in shifting because they can't hear their remote motors. To correct this situation, several bus-lines now install a microphone over the motor, hook it up to a loud-speaker above the driver's seat. The purr of the engine is delivered right to the driver's ear to let him know when to move his shift-lever.

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MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT TONGUE AND LIP

A "Phumph" Turns Buttered Muffins Into Muttered Buffins

"The whole fleet's lit up. It's a wonderful sight, with little fairy-lights all around them."

These words, booming out over the British wireless, intrigued millions of loyal subjects of King George VI last week as they listened to a radio description of spectacular fleet illuminations at Spithead.

The announcer, described as a lieutenant-commander, went on:

"The big boats are lit up with fairy-lights. In a minute, they are going to fire some rockets. I will tell you how it reacts on me."

There followed a report which sounded

Pictures, Inc.

Graham McNamee contributed to famous "phumphs" on the air . . .

suspiciously like the popping of a cork. The commentator resumed:

"The whole fleet's gone. In fact, it's vanished. It's absolutely fantastic the way it's vanished. It's vanished—the whole fleet of 200 ships—gone. All around me minutes ago—there they were, all lit up. In fact, the whole damn fleet was lit up. Now they've gone and disappeared, vanished. . . ."

Relief—Shocked Britons, listening breathlessly to this most unusual word-picture of the British Navy, pride of the nation, unwilling to believe their ears, thankfully heard a London announcer cut in at this point with a cheerful: "That will be the end of the broadcast."

That such a thing could happen over the censored and government-regulated chain of the staid and august British Broadcasting Corporation seemed almost incredible. Yet it did happen and has happened, in less spectacular manner, over other major broadcasting systems.

Nearest thing to this English episode was suffered here some years ago when a beloved kiddies' announcer wound up a sentimental talk with the frank and disillusioning remark: "Well, I guess that will hold you little b—— for another day." This tale has grown to legendary proportions until no one knows now or will admit whether it occurred in Los Angeles (KHJ) or New York (WOR), or just who was the guilty person. But it forms an incident in every well-regulated motion-picture scenario dealing with radio.

When an American commentator blows up momentarily in his lines, his pals say he has "phumphed" or "pulled a beard." Most ace performers or announcers—Helen Hayes, Fred Allen, Don Ameche, Ted Husing, Graham McNamee—have one or more funny "phumphs" to their credit.

Correctors — Often efforts to correct the error are even funnier than the original mistake. Clyde Kittell, N.B.C. announcer, just made matters worse the night he proclaimed sonorously, "We will now take you to Rome to hear His Holiness, Pipe Poes . . . I mean Pipe Poes" . . . halting, perspiring, starting again with "His Holiness Pope Pius, speaking *from* you to Vatican City."

Another Vatican broadcast ran afoul of a blunder in the studio control-room some years ago when short-wave radio was emerging from experimental stages. After formal announcement that religious music direct from the Vatican would be heard, the engineer switched on an obscure short-wave station in Switzerland which was playing records. The first contained religious music and fitted right in with the general scheme. But suddenly a Cab Calloway tune blared forth.

Don Ameche, trying to cover up for a dull-witted sound-effects man who missed his cue during an Empire Builders' program, found himself badly tangled.

Ameche's line, delivered with dramatic emphasis: "By Harry, I'll *shoot* you!"

Pause. No gun went off.

Ameche, ad-libbing: "You dirty dog, I'll kill you right now."

Still no gun.

Desperate, Ameche switched the line: "Shooting's too good for you. I'll stab you instead."

Came a scream, then a dull thud.

Then, when it was all over—the gun went off.

Bearded—Such an incident does not classify technically as a "phumph" but rather as a "boner." A real honest-to-goodness "phumph" is the signal for unfeeling and ribald-minded fellow performers on the same program to make gestures which resemble nothing so much as pompous oldsters pulling their beards. Lucky is the victim of such pantomime if he doesn't blow again.

Among famous "phumphs":

Harry Von Zell, introducing over C.B.S. Herbert Hoover, then President of the United States: "And now may I present Hoobert Heever?"

English actor, Al Shirley, who became confused in his American idiom when broadcasting a playlet, instead of saying, "I am being sent on a wild-goose chase," came forth with "I am being goosed on a wild chase."

Edwin C. Hill in a C.B.S. broadcast, describing an old Indian squaw: "She was sitting in front of her *teepee* beating moccasins into doeskin."

An unnamed N.B.C. commentator doing a household broadcast and describing the proper way to set the table for dinner: "You now place the sports and foons, I mean sporks and sphoons" . . . desperately trying again. . . . "You now place the porks and soons." (If you don't think it is difficult to straighten out your tongue after an original error like that, try it yourself.)

Ed Thorgersen, former N.B.C. man, once announced a presentation of "The A and G Pipsies."

Milton Gross described "The Prince of Pilsen" as "The Pill of Princeton" and, when discussing the soldiers' bonus, remarked: "All those claiming 40 per cent. desirability (disability was the word) can collect their money!"

Helen Hayes, demure in Victorian cos-

Acme

Alexander Woollcott pulled a boner . . . didn't know he was on the air, told a barroom joke

tume and make-up, ready for her dash to the theater, spoke out during her N.B.C. serial broadcast: "Bambi, what the hell . . . I mean what the heck!"

Unaware that the microphones had not yet been cut off, N.B.C.'s Ben Grauer flippantly told his audience they had been listening to "Station WJZilch, Hoboken." He's the one who tells the story about the Shakespearian Thespian who concluded a program with "Next week, we have a story" . . . pause, then . . . "I—er stink, I mean think."

Fillers—Sometimes "phumphs" are the result of the uninitiateds' frantic efforts to fill up remaining time. Humorist James Thurber, broadcasting over C.B.S., was so upset when he saw he still had five minutes to speak that he cried out frantically: "I don't know any more."

One of Graham McNamee's famous and numerous slips of the tongue was "gasoloon" for gasoline. Alexander Woollcott, speaking informally at a club stag-gathering, not knowing microphones were set up, was cut off abruptly when he veered into a barroom story.

Because mistakes and confusion often

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occur during the broadcasting of major sports events, football games in particular, the three big chains, C.B.S., N.B.C. and Mutual, keep one, sometimes two and three relief men standing by. Strain of keeping names, teams and plays straight along about midseason causes many a reliable announcer to blow sky-high.

But never—that is, so far—has an American chain had an experience similar to that in Britain last week.

Law

GRETNA GREENS: Three States Clamp Down on Hasty Marriages; "Business" Suffers

The restless *Romeo* of the Eastern United States who decides that romance can not wait for legal requirements at home is going to find his style cramped.

Between now and September, the last three major Gretna Greens which have obliged him with fly-by-night matrimony will pass from the national picture.

First to go is Elkton, famed border town of Maryland, which this week bowed to the new Free State law requiring two-days' notice of intention to wed.

Next week, Wellsburg, West Virginia, will yield to a new three-day law.

Last will be Harrison, New York, which will come a cropper in September through the new five-day requirement.

The object of these new laws, which now exist in eighteen other States, is to halt the flood of so-called "gin marriages."

Business—Usually tagged the No. 1 Gretna Green in the country, Elkton, a village of 3,300 near the Delaware and Pennsylvania lines, issued 11,512 licenses last year. In 1935, two of its eleven parsons were responsible for 6,000 between them.

Last week, as a result of the new law, Elkton city officials desolately contemplated the prospect of losing about $20,000 yearly in revenue and merchants figured they had $125,000 at stake.

On the front porches of their homes, the marrying gentry began tearing down the huge signs which have attracted the eyes of tourists passing through town.

The Rev. C. M. Cope said he is going to his farm in North Carolina. He estimated that he has married 5,000 couples in the past few years.

The Rev. W. E. Baker has bought a small farm near-by and already has moved his family to it. Another minister, who also operates an antique shop, says he plans to stay on, however.

Hope—He is one of the optimistic villagers who are hoping some of the business will be retained. They feel that many of the runaway couples from out of town came to Elkton to avoid notice of their friends or because they wanted a cheap, quiet wedding.

Most of Wellsburg's couples come from Pennsylvania and Ohio, licenses averaging about 10,000 a year.

The commercial "take" amounts to $100,000, is one of the town's leading businesses. As in Elkton, the taxi people are heavily interested.

A big-shot among them is H. J. McGlumphy, who runs the Blue Cab taxi service. Scanning the new law, he noticed it failed to compel couples to file their notice in person. Promptly, he set up a "mail order" assistance service. He printed thousands of cards, sent them to prospective newlyweds, announcing he would do the filing for them in advance. As an inducement, he guarantees "that this application will not be published."

Gov. Homer Holt of West Virginia, too, saw the loophole, refused to sign the bill. But it became a law anyway.

Harrison, New York, lately has been grinding out 3,000 marriages a year. Many of these services were at night, the participants young couples from New York night-clubs.

Last January, the Town Council decided it would be better to confine marriages to daylight. Answering charges he kept a stooge to keep him informed of newcomers, Town Clerk William A. Wilding said he had issued 9,162 licenses and that only twenty marriages, to his knowledge, had gone on the rocks.

Last Resort—Sole remaining central spot for elopers remains Washington, D. C., which has no time restrictions.

As a result, the notice in States with such a requirement is from two to five days. They are:

Two days—New Jersey.

Three days—California, Montana, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee.

Five days—Connecticut, Georgia, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Hampshire, Ohio, Wisconsin.

Three States require a period of delay between issuance of the license and the marriage. Delaware calls for one day for all persons, and four days when both parties are non-residents. Rhode Island requires five days, but only when the women are residents. Vermont requires five days for all persons.

No delay after getting licenses in: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, District of Columbia, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, Utah, Washington, Colorado, Idaho, Texas, Wyoming.

Not all experiences with "antihasty wedding" laws have been successful. Colorado, Idaho, Iowa, North Carolina and Texas repealed theirs in 1933.

In Iowa, the marriage rate dropped tremendously because of the law. In 1935, Tennessee and Wyoming repealed theirs, but Tennessee came back into the fold with a less drastic law.

Health Check—Generally regarded as the strictest of all States is Connecticut. It not only demands a five-day interval, but requires that both parties take a Wassermann blood test.

Waukegan, Illinois, a Gretna Green for eloping Chicago and Milwaukee couples, has a local law specifying that the parties shall be "stone cold sober," *i.e.*, able to stand firmly on their feet.

Jeffersonville, Indiana, enjoyed a vogue under a syndicate of five Justices of the Peace who conducted the Consolidated Marriage Parlor. Louisville, Kentucky, couples flocked there. Reno and other Nevada towns are vying with Yuma, Arizona, for No. 1 marrying records now.

The original Gretna Green is a village just over the Scottish border from England. Runaway marriages became popular there in 1754, when England banned clandestine unions.

In Scotland, however, runaway couples or any other kind could become legally man and wife by declaring their intention in the presence of witnesses.

Ceremony—In Gretna Green the couples stood before a blacksmith (his anvil was the altar).

Scotland called a halt in 1856 with a law requiring that at least one of the contracting parties must have been a resident of Scotland for at least three weeks.

This dulled the romance of Gretna Green. Marriages fell off. To-day, only an estimated 200 to 300 take place there.

In January of this year, a British parliamentary commission, after a survey of Scotch marriage laws, recommended abolition of these marriages by declaration. It's too hard to prove they took place.

According to the June issue of the magazine, *Town and Country*, the bridal month of June never has had a particular enchantment for Gretna Green couples.

Quoting Justice of the Peace Leo Mintzer, of Harrison, New York, it says September is their favorite. The reason, says this authority, is that the boys make good their summer-vacation promises.

Pictures, Inc.

Down comes the bill-board . . . as Maryland puts a ban on roadside parsons

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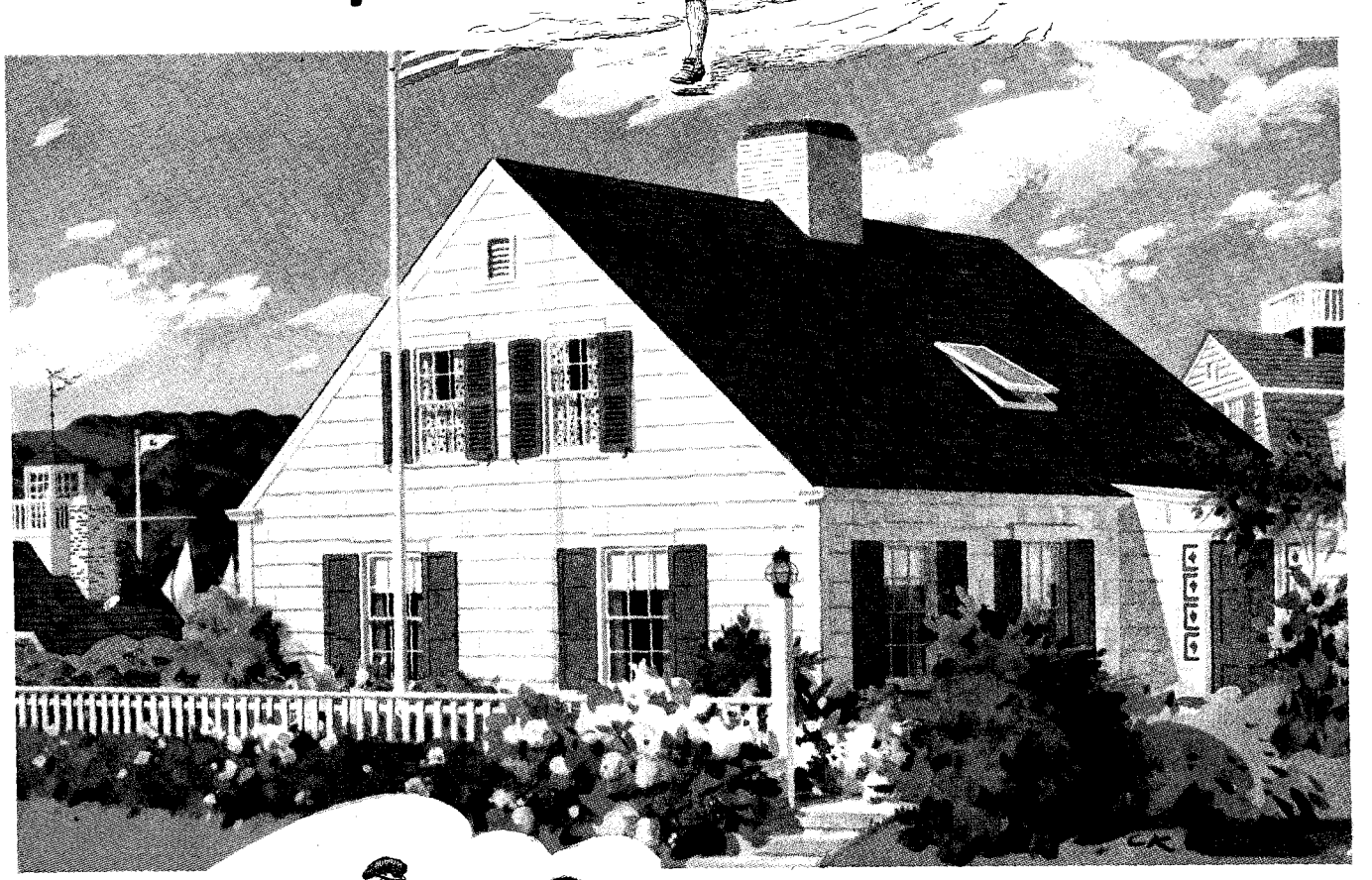
In Defense OF OUR Homes



LET THE DUTCH BOY GUARD YOUR HOME AGAINST THE ASSAULTS OF THE WEATHER!

GONE are those rugged days when a long rifle hung above every fireplace. To-day, it's paint—not bullets and bayonets—that defends the American home.

For guarding your home, choose only paint of the highest quality. Choose Dutch Boy. Don't, under any consideration, be tempted to use "cheap" paint.

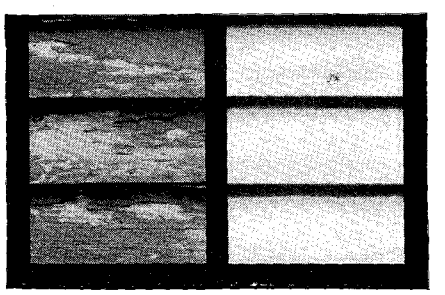
As shown at right, "cheap" paint quickly deserts its post. It cracks and scales. When this happens, the surface must be burned and scraped down to the bare wood. That costs money. It also makes necessary an extra coat—a new priming coat—in repainting.

You don't find Dutch Boy betraying its trust and surrendering to the enemy. This paint does not crack and scale—does not put you to unexpected expense. On the contrary, it wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking. This leaves a smooth, unbroken surface—an ideal foundation for new paint.

And so the painter who is interested in giving you generous value for your money uses Dutch Boy White-Lead. He mixes it to meet the requirements of your particular job and tints it to the exact color you ask for. No one knows paint like a painter.

* * *

The Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan is available if you prefer to pay for your painting in monthly installments. Check coupon for complete information. But even if you are not interested in this plan, send in the coupon anyway—for a free copy of the illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In". Tells how to buy a paint job, how to select the right color scheme, the right paint and painter. Mail coupon to nearest branch.



"CHEAP" PAINT *after 1½ years—Cost of job $110. Now the paint must be burned and scraped off at $60 more. Total, $170, or $113 per year. And on top of all that there's another extra to pay for in repainting—a new priming coat.*

DUTCH BOY *after 4 years—Located in same section as the "cheap" paint job. Cost $120, or a per-year cost of $30 which will be still less as time goes on. No burning and scraping and no new priming coat will be needed at repaint time.*

DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

GOOD PAINTS OTHER NAME

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY, 111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 West Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Dept. 271 (*See list of branches at left*)

Please send me your free booklet "The House We Live In," containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.

☐ Include description of Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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HEAD-LIGHTS GLARE ON AUTO VICTIMS

Hit-and-Run Drivers Haunted by Dirges of Screeching Brakes

Figures become endowed with reality when one keeps a rendezvous in some gray morgue. That child upon the marble slab—is he yours? Can you recognize any of the features of that crushed head? Is that one clean tuft of corn-colored hair sticking out the shade you knew so well?

Public Enemy No. 1 shrinks from the glare of auto-lights on his handiwork. Like a maniac, he jams the accelerator nearer the floor, each year leaving behind more than 2,000 dead—even more who are injured for life. Here is the trail of the hit-and-run driver for the short period of 1937:

The Boston *Post:* "Amand Nadeau, ten-year-old schoolboy, whose body was found in a Rollinsville barn, was struck by an automobile and carried to the barn where his frozen and mutilated remains were discovered, according to the report of an inquest. . . . The boy had been walking along the road, trying to get a ride to Biddeford, Maine, to see his mother. . . ."

Minneapolis *Journal:* "A fifteen-year-old boy, who found his mother and father left critically injured in the street by a hit-run driver, pleaded Saturday for motorists to exercise caution on the roadways while two more Hennepin County residents were dead, victims of traffic mishaps. . . . Harold Peters was the boy who issued a public appeal for motorists to be careful. He was sleepy-eyed after a vigil of many hours at General Hospital, where he had taken his parents, unconscious, after the hit-run accident outside their home. . . ."

Burlington (Vt.) *Free Press:* "St. Albans police were notified to be on the lookout for the car which struck and fatally injured Joseph Germaine, eighty, on the highway in Milton. . . . Donald McGarey, forty, of St. Albans, was arrested and turned over to motor-vehicle authorities. . . ."

Wilmington (Del.) *Morning News:* "Martin Vakowic, fifty-two, was found dead on the highway near his home early to-night—the victim, police say, of a hit-run driver. The accident is believed to have happened while Vakowic was walking home from his work on a near-by farm. . . . *Attachés* at the Kent General Hospital, where he was pronounced dead of a fractured skull and a fractured neck, said he had been dead only a short time. . . ."

Baltimore *Evening Sun* (Testimony in the trial of an alleged hit-run driver): "We were following about forty feet behind the other car when it swerved off the right shoulder of the road. We saw a man rolling away from the car. The car turned back onto the highway. We followed it.

"When we overtook it, we told the driver that he had struck a man. He said: 'I guess I'll have to turn back.' But when we prepared to follow him back to the scene of the accident, the operator of the car we had chased drove rapidly away. . . . We had his license-number."

Passaic *Herald-News:* "Henry Wilkinson, forty-eight, died this afternoon in Passaic General Hospital of injuries suffered early this morning when he was struck by a hit-and-run driver at Main and Myrtle Streets. A radiator ornament on the car pierced his chest and left lung. . . ."

Ohio State Journal: "Weary of evading police for twelve days during which he slept in straw-stacks outside the city, the twenty-year-old hit-run driver who fatally injured Joseph Taylor, sixty, gave himself up yesterday and was charged with second-degree manslaughter."

Chicago *Daily Tribune:* "A hit-and-run automobile fatally injured Miss Elizabeth Kelley, thirty-nine, at Schiller and Clark Streets last night. She died early to-day in the Henrotin Hospital, where she was taken by a taxicab driver. . . ."

They don't want to look, these hit-and-run drivers. Yet, if they turned back, the number of victims who die from lack of immediate care might be materially reduced. The motorist who does not stop—no matter how gruesome are the results of that thump on the right front fender—allows to pass those first few minutes that may mean life or death to the victim.

You Can't Escape—The motorist who steps on the gas, hoping to conceal his identity, plays a losing game. Records kept over a long period by Chauncey C. Hubbell, Chief Statistician of the Massachusetts Registry of Motor Vehicles, reveal that two-thirds of the drivers who fail to stop are caught almost immediately. At least half the remaining third are captured eventually. It goes hard with them when they lose; and the evidence against them usually is unanswerable.

In Seattle, a two-year-old escaped his mother's vigilance and toddled into the street. A squeal of brakes, the unforgetable thud of steel striking a soft body and a muffled cry. The car raced on.

Altho a witness failed to obtain the license-number of the car, he recognized the face of the driver, who later sneaked back to the scene of the accident. Despite his vehement denials, the driver was arrested.

With the man's car impounded, the police commenced investigation. Tho they found no blood-stains, they found the radiator core bent; they photographed it. Next, they examined the body of the child, photographed it as well.

Evidence—In the developing-room, several hours later, a cry of astonishment came from the police photographer holding up the negative. The face, apparently unblemished when examined, showed bruise marks that the camera had caught beneath the skin. When the print of this negative was thrown on a screen, police investigators matched them with the twisted core of the radiator.

Tho investigators of hit-and-run cases are handicapped all too often by witnesses who are dead or dying, accusing fingers are pointed by broken glass, smashed head-light rims, dented hub-caps.

Late one cold night, passers-by on Boston's Commonwealth Avenue noticed a

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bundle of clothing in the gutter. Investigation disclosed that the bundle covered the mangled body of an old woman. One shriveled hand clung to a half-eaten apple. Obviously, this bundle of death was the holiday gift of some hit-and-run driver.

There were no witnesses; apparently, the driver had made a clean getaway. But the police noticed that the blow which had bashed in the wrinkled face also had cut deep gashes in the half-eaten apple. The police began their investigation among the thousands of cars garaged about Boston.

Clue—Some hours later, an automobile thought to have been in the vicinity of the accident fell under police scrutiny. Freshly washed, it glistened its innocence of all traffic with death. Trained eyes discovered a bit of foreign substance wedged deep in the radiator—a tiny sliver of apple. It fitted perfectly into one of the gouges on the apple found in the hand of the gray-haired victim. Another hit-and-runner will hit and run no more.

A New York State Trooper was patrolling a highway just outside New York City not long ago. Coming upon the body of a man apparently struck by a passing car and left to die, the trooper examined the shoulder of the road, discovered a dented hub-cap.

A check-up of garages failed to disclose a car to match the hub-cap. But a bus driver in a "diner" had passed a car limping along a few miles up the highway. Picking up the trail, the trooper followed it into a private drive. He got his man.

A case recently featured in a confidential bulletin of the Federal Bureau of Investigation had its tragic beginning on a lonely concrete slab of highway in Illinois when an unidentified motorist crossed the center-line of the road, struck and killed a seven-year-old boy walking along with his small friends. So great was the impact that the child was thrown more than twenty feet.

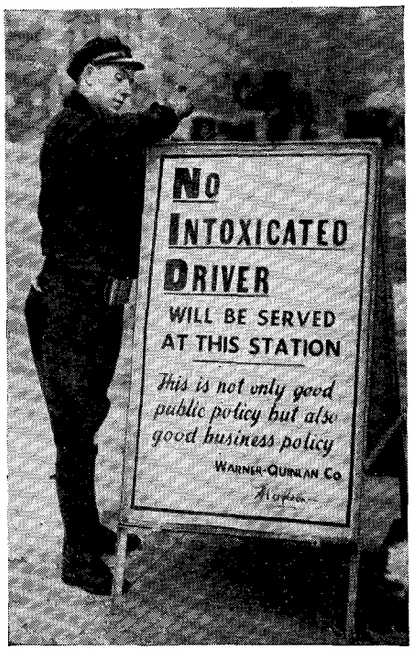
The driver didn't stop to examine the limp body. But one of the children did while the others ran white-faced to spread the alarm. State Highway Patrolmen soon were on the job, stopping everything on wheels.

One car, operated by a driver who, police charged, was drunk, was suspected after the driver turned abusive under questioning. The only dent on his front fenders—one which he said had been made by a truck in parking—was bright and unstained. Police, however, seized the car. In a near-by garage, they shellacked the bright metal surface. Cutting out the section they wanted, they shipped it to the State chemist at St. Louis; also, they shipped the boy's clothing.

The expert, with twenty-one years of experience behind him, took samples of paint-traces found on the dead boy's shirt, compared them with the paint on the fender. Furthermore, he examined the dented fender under a microscope, found there were thirty-one fine lines on it. The thread-count of the boy's shirt tallied with it. A scratch on the fender just below the dent turned out to have been made by the right suspender-buckle of the dead child. A jury found that driver guilty.

Methods—Other culprits have been apprehended when only three digits of their registration numbers were known. More have been caught by slivers of splintered glass which later fitted into the puzzle of an otherwise innocent broken head-light lens or wind-shield. Blood-stains have been brought out on cars which have been freshly washed and waxed.

Ironically, the killer of a schoolboy was apprehended by a fragment of a grammar-school text-book wedged in between one



Acme

A large gasoline chain cooperates to eliminate a major cause of hit-and-run driving

GRANTLAND RICE REPORTS:

OFF THE ROAD THEY SHOT AS AN UNSEEN DEMON THREW THEIR CAR OUT OF CONTROL

GRANTLAND RICE
Well-known Sports Commentator, Radio Announcer and Columnist

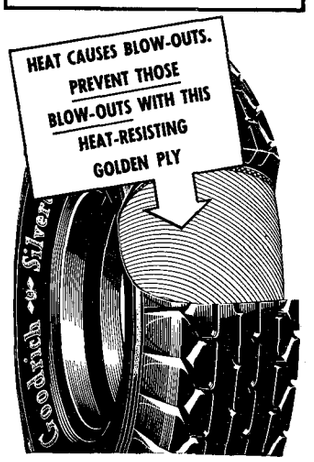
GRANTLAND RICE Describes The Unhappy Ending To A Seattle Motorist's Week-End Trip To Mt. Baker

THE STRAINS of "When We Come To The End of A Perfect Day" seemed to fit the mood of Mr. Jack Davis of Seattle, Washington, and his party of four, as they motored down from Mt. Baker that invigorating Sunday afternoon. And when the familiar Everett Highway was reached they were still recounting the glorious experiences of that carefree weekend.

Then, with startling suddenness, the scene changed. BANG! The left front tire had blown out! Down went the brakes. But too late. A terrible drag set in. The steering wheel jerked itself out of Mr. Davis' control. Off the road they shot. The unseen demon of motoring safety had done its "dirty work."

Why any motorist should take chances on ordinary tires is beyond me. Especially when Goodrich engineers have perfected a tire invention that brings *real* blow-out protection. This revolutionary construction, called the Life-Saver Golden Ply, is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the terrific blowout-causing heat generated *inside* all tires by today's high speeds. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply, found only in Goodrich Silvertowns, keeps you a stranger to blow-out dangers.

One blow-out was enough to cure Mr. Jack Davis. Now you'll find his car equipped with Goodrich Silvertowns. Make up your mind to "beat a blow-out to the punch" by starting to ride on Silvertowns. They're on sale at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich Dealers *everywhere.*



Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

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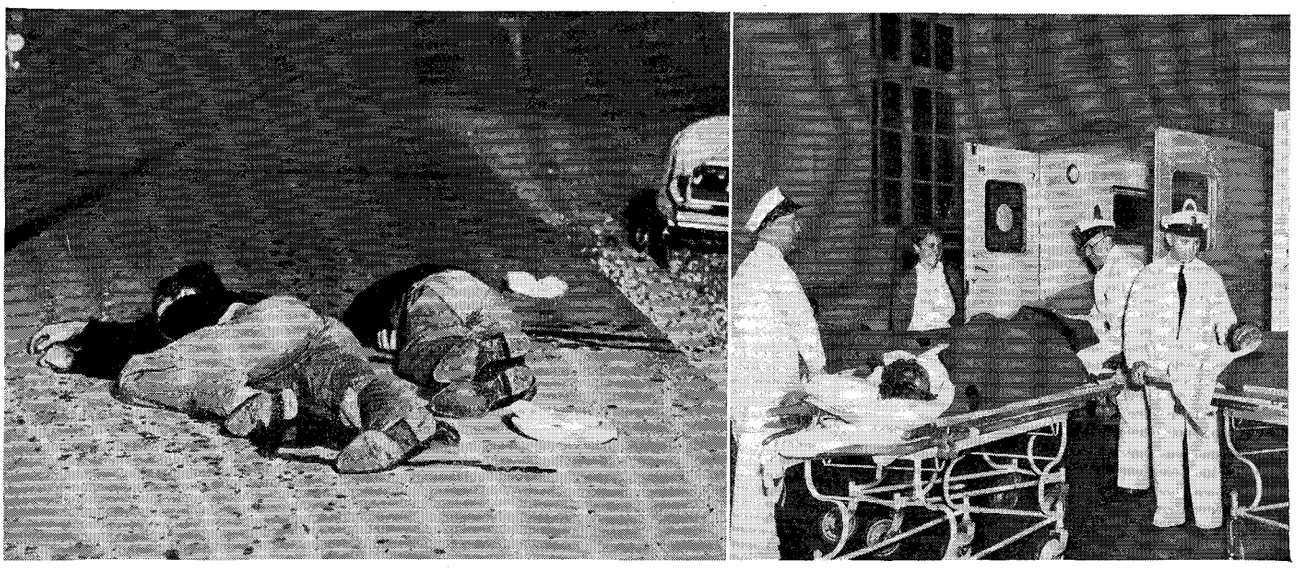

Acme

A glare of lights, a screech of brakes, a ghastly thud and the driver fled . . . leaving two young victims slim chance to live

of the lamps and fenders of a suspected car.

A man already convicted on two charges of drunken driving struck and killed an old woman who was trying to cross the street.

The driver slowed down long enough to look around. The highway was deserted, the sidewalks clear. Disregarding the still-living figure in the road behind him, the driver stepped on the gas.

His freedom was short-lived. Lying on the still-quivering corpse—so that all might read it—was the driver's front license-plate.

Causes—Opinions vary concerning the underlying forces that have made the G men's No. 1 Public Enemies relinquish their mantle for the lowly shoulders of the hit-and-run driver. But Registrar Frank A. Goodwin of Massachusetts has made an intensive study of the subject and divides such drivers into the following classes:

1. Drivers under the influence of liquor, especially two-timers who realize that jail awaits them if they are apprehended.
2. Persons operating a car after suspension or revocation of their licenses.
3. Thieves, smugglers and the bootleggers who still eke out a living at their illicit trade.
4. Operators of stolen cars—boys on joy-rides.
5. The frightened or panic-stricken drivers who run away—usually later to report their crime through even worse fears of conscience.
6. Motorists who dare not reveal their identity because of their fear of scandal. These are the ones who were bent on rendezvous other than one with death.

Increase—Despite intensive safety work, hit-and-run accidents in Massachusetts still pile up. In 1930 the total was thirty-five; in 1935, sixty were killed. There were 529 serious accidents in which 526 men, women and children were injured. Figures for 1936 show a still higher ratio of deaths.

In some States, the problem is not so acute. Nebraska reports no recent record, this in the face of the fact that driving-licenses, once obtained, do not have to be renewed.

Florida, dealing promptly and efficiently with all hit-and-run cases, reports that 96 per cent. of its hit-and-run drivers are apprehended. Only a small percentage of the number of cars from out of the State ever become involved in hit-and-run accidents. Tourists drive carefully, it seems.

In Illinois, where no hit-and-run driver ever has escaped, the local police departments are using every method available to instil fear in the hearts of reckless drivers. At present, Lieutenant Kreml of Evanston is touring the country in the interests of safety.

Complication—Only the discouraging results of court prosecution have marred the achievements of police in tracking down the criminals who kill and run. Too often, the defendant, pleading guilty, escapes with a light sentence. Smart attorneys for the defense obtain repeated postponements until State witnesses are worn out and fail to appear. Whereupon, the case is hurriedly called and dismissed by default.

From Vice-President Crossley of the Automobile Club of New York comes this advice to all operators of motor-cars in the United States:

"Few hit-and-run drivers, cowardly and heartless as they may appear, are actual criminals. They become hit-and-run drivers through circumstances which tomorrow may face you or me. Death plays no favorites. In an unguarded moment, he slips in beside you. His bony fingers grip the wheel as you catch the sudden tortured glimpse of a face before your head-lamps. Your car tilts over something which screams and yields. You go mad with horror.

"But before unreasoning panic grips your throat, turning your back-bone to jelly and jamming your foot hard down on the gas—STOP!"

Acme

Mrs. Margaret Keily, sixty-year-old victim of a frightened driver who left his mark and ran

Press

JAIL JOURNALISM: Men Behind Walls Turn Out Wide Variety of Papers, Magazines

Behind high walls, erected by society to shut up its offenders, printing-presses whirred last week to give incarcerated men the meager news of their tiny world. Prison publications—hundreds of them—hit their dead-lines while convicts clamored for the fresh editions. News is news, even—or "more so"—in prison.

Ranging from small leaflets to full-size magazines, these weeklies, bimonthlies and monthlies present a wide variety of matter with varying degrees of skill. Like the press of the outside world, they are good, bad or indifferent.

If the editor finds it embarrassing to indulge, like his unfettered brethren, in a little tub-thumping now and then on "the freedom of the press," at least he does not have to worry about whether his paper gets advertising—and libel suits are unknown.

Variety—Most of the papers edited by convicts run heavily to sports, poetry and fiction. Many make a feature of their editorial pages; some have a strong leaning toward humor.

One of the brightest in the field is *Shadows*, a monthly published by inmates of the Oregon State Penitentiary. Its editor is an ex-soldier and train robber—Hugh D'Autremont, who was sentenced to life imprisonment in 1923, when he was only eighteen, for the hold-up of a Southern

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Pacific train in which four trainmen were killed. He enjoys a privilege rare among prison editors: Warden James W. Lewis does not censor his copy.

Color—A thirty-six page magazine printed in color, carrying a small amount of advertising and selling at ten cents a copy, *Shadows* has a circulation of 600, half of which is inside the walls.

Recently enlarged, *Shadows* carries editorials, articles, fiction, cartoons, comics, an exchange department, a radio department called "Stir-Static," poetry and a page of letters. In the February issue, under "Clippings From the Press," it quotes from THE LITERARY DIGEST: "To cure your cold, put a little menthol in your nose and then rub it over your chest," then twits THE DIGEST by adding: "What a schnozzle!"

Leavenworth—*New Era* is published at Leavenworth, *The Beacon* monthly at the U. S. Industrial Reformatory at Chillicothe, Ohio; and *The Colony*, five-cent semimonthly, at the Norfolk, Massachusetts, State Prison.

Atlanta puts out *Good Words*, a fourteen-page leaflet whose inmate contributors sign by prison number.

In the same issue, No. 49312 contributed this:

I've heard some people say
"Procrastination is the thief of time."
If so, I hope it'll steal away
About two years of mine.

Columnist—Joliet, Illinois, has the *Joliet Statesville Times*, published by the inmates of the two prisons there.

Illinois also has the *Menard Time*, a semimonthly with a circulation of 2,000.

From *The Weekly Island Lantern*, published at the U. S. Penitentiary at McNeil Island, Washington:

"She's a suicide blonde—dyed by her own hand."

Inmates of the State Penitentiary at Walla Walla, Washington, put out *The Agenda*, a thirty-page monthly that features fiction and articles. One thousand copies are printed, of which 125 are sold outside at $1 a year. The editor, Adrian Huffman, printed a book of his own poetry at his own expense, sold out the issue of 500 copies.

Elmira Veteran—One of the oldest prison publications in the United States is *Summary*, printed at Elmira Reformatory, Elmira, New York. Since 1883 it has never missed an issue.

There is a long list of other prison publications, some permanent, others temporary. Of the more successful is *The Presidio*, monthly, at the Iowa State Prison at Fort Madison. Its third anniversary was passed last March. Another is *The Outlook*, published by the U. S. Southwestern Reformatory at El Reno, Oklahoma. This is a mimeographed monthly.

Sing Sing, supervised by Warden Lewis E. Lawes, has no paper to-day. Its inmates once issued *The Star of Hope*, of which the most famous editor was the late Charles E. Chapin, legendary in newspaperdom as a genius and a "slave-driver."

Of him the story is told that after he was sentenced to Sing Sing for killing his wife and took charge of the prison paper, he sweated his staff members so hard that they complained to the Warden. The Warden said:

"You know, Chapin, you can not drive these men the way you drove reporters of *The Evening World*. These men are convicts."

SCOOP SAGA: Lindbergh Still City Editor's Nightmare, But He Always Makes Page One

Col. Charles Augustus Lindbergh still has the world's press baffled.

Since May 10, 1927, when he hopped off from San Diego, California, in his *Spirit of St. Louis* to begin his famous New York-Paris flight, the thirty-five-year-old aviator has been front-page news. His life has been crammed with so many interesting events, occurring equally suddenly, that virtually any city editor is ready to tear open a paper and remake it at the mention of the Lindbergh name.

Last week, the flier once again pulled a fast one on reporters. Twelve days after the birth of a third son to his wife, Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh, he announced the event in a telephonic conversation with American Embassy officials in London. His friends were pledged to secrecy, he could not be reached, his wife and son were convalescing, apparently *incognito*, in a large and airy suite on the seventh floor of The Clinic, Harley Street, London. The hospital was guarded by special police; so was the rambling, walled Lindbergh home, Long Barn, near Weald, Kent.

Break—From Cleveland, Miss Annie S. Cutter, Mrs. Lindbergh's aunt, said that Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, Mrs. Lindbergh's mother, now in England, had written that a son had been born and that "mother and son were doing nicely."

Trailing Lindbergh has been a newspaper man's nightmare on two continents in recent years. Getting a Lindbergh "scoop" has been many a reporter's ambition. The race has given rise to a saga of odd and amusing anecdotes.

Latest page in the Lindbergh saga around city rooms was supplied by Thomas W. Lamont, financier.

Speaking at the Lindbergh flight-anniversary dinner at New York's Waldorf-Astoria, Mr. Lamont stressed the modesty and ban on ballyhoo which marked that first solo flight across the Atlantic.

"Where was any personal representative?" the financier droned rhetorically. "Where was any Lindbergh press-agent?"

No one spoke up but a number of the diners chuckled, turning their eyes to Harry A. Bruno, seated on an adjoining dais. He was the personal representative and press-agent for "Lindy" before, during and after the flight.

Acme

Charles A. Lindbergh did not seek publicity... Harry A. Bruno handled his public relations

In his office, Bruno has a three-page handwritten letter from Lindbergh framed on his wall. Dated November 22, 1927, this is said to be the longest missive ever so written by the flier. In part, it reads:

"The efficient manner in which you handled things during this period (the flight) is something I deeply appreciate. . . . I have watched with interest your publicity work in relation to the aeronautics industry. Conservative, straightforward publicity will aid greatly in its progress in addition to acquainting the public with actual facts relative to aeronautics."

When Lindbergh toured the country for the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, his publicity was taken over by the late Ivy Lee.

Roundabout—The New York *Times* had contracted to have Lindbergh write his own account of his famous flight in 1927, but the confusion at Le Bourget Field, stormed by an estimated 300,000 cheering French and Americans, caused a merry newspaper mix-up. From an improvised cable-booth, in a broom-closet, Wilbur S. Forrest, then Paris representative for the New York *Herald Tribune*, flashed the arrival to New York. His Managing Editor, the late Armistead Richard Holcombe, cabled back congratulations to the Paris office. This was the first that the Paris office, eight miles from Forrest's booth, knew that Lindbergh had arrived.

At the field, the late Myron T. Herrick, American Ambassador, had mistaken another young American, Harry Wheeler, for Lindbergh. French officials made the same mistake. Meanwhile, in the company of one Commander Weiss, "Lindy" was bumping over a back road to Paris. Weiss spoke no English, Lindbergh no French. Asked where he wanted to be taken, the aviator said "the Ambassador"—meaning the hotel. The French officer misunderstood and directed his chauffeur to the American Embassy. Checking with the hotel, Ralph Barnes of *The New York Herald* in Paris, decided the Embassy was the logical place, dashed out ahead of all the other reporters.

Scoop—Propped up in bed, wearing a pair of Ambassador Herrick's pajamas, Lindbergh gave Barnes the whole story before the New York *Times* men arrived and found their supposedly exclusive story in rival hands.

On December 23, 1935, *The Times* got its revenge, however. Saving the yarn until the late city edition, it broke reporter Lauren D. Lyman's exclusive account of the Lindbergh family's flight to England. An unconfirmed version of this scoop, as told in city rooms, is that Lindbergh had phoned for his friend, Carl B. Allen, Aviation Editor of *The Herald Tribune*. Allen was out of town, however, and the story slipped away from his paper.

When Lindbergh returned from his transoceanic hop on June 13, 1927, the press swarmed about him. Affable to most reporters, he resented a question asked by Oliver H. P. Garrett of *The World*. The reporter insisted:

"Will you be at the station to-night to see your mother off?"

Unheeding, Lindbergh said:

"Gentlemen, if there are no more questions, I think this interview is over."

This was the first intimation reporters had that the flier did not wish to discuss his personal affairs.

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PARNELL: PARADOX IN MUTTON-CHOPS

Stirring, Majestic Romance of Crisis in Ireland's History

Charles Stewart Parnell was an Englishman born of an American mother. He tumbled into an incandescent romance with a married woman and thereby delayed Home Rule for Ireland at least thirty years.

In defiance of these pointed facts, he still is revered in the heart of any Irishman old enough to have gray in his hair. The more impetuous will fetch a simultaneous tear and sigh as they speak of "the uncrowned King of Ireland."

He was a mutton-chopped paradox, a man with a will of steel and a heart that turned to water for Katie O'Shea. He recently cost Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer upward of $750,000.

A year and a half ago, the New York theater presented the first play about him: "Parnell." Its author was the late Elsie T. Schauffler. George Curzon in the name-rôle and Margaret Rawlings as *Katie* larruped the critics into a fine spate of adjectives.

Metro bought the play for Clark Gable. The sum for which it got possession of the item is unimportant, but the moment the check was passed was the moment M-G-M let itself in for a complex, long, often vexing job of translating an Irish hero into a celluloid monument.

Setting—The theater performs its midget miracles within the compass of three brick walls and relies on its audience to supply time and space within the imagination. It is sufficient, for example, for the theater to show Parnell meeting with the Irish Party in a committee-room of the House of Commons. Drama audiences somehow believe the Commons exists beyond the wings. The cinema never is let off anything. If Parnell accomplished his abler feats on the floor of the Commons, the camera must take its audiences there —and let one door-knob be awry or out of period and a gimlet-eyed citizen will write in.

Metro, with an acute aversion to being called off base, engaged Charles E. Whittaker, former London and Dublin journalist, as research expert. He toiled for eight months over old magazines, newspapers and illustrations, supplying scenarists and art departments with concrete facts concerning matters of the period.

For three months, he pored over photographs, plans and descriptions to achieve intelligent notes concerning the inside of the House of Commons and the outside of its Members as they appeared between 1880 and 1890. Later, a camera crew took advantage of a Whitsuntide recess of the Commons and photographed the chamber inside and out. From these intensive researches rose a setting of the House which was factual down to the shape of the brass-work and which covered 5,400 square feet of floor space.

Giants—This enormous setting was but a beginning of the troubles. John M. Stahl, white-thatched director of "Parnell" and a fiend for exactitude, himself worked for a year before summoning the first cameraman. The building of the Lobby and Chamber of the Commons began three months before the camera went to work. On another sound-stage the water-front of New York, large enough to accommodate buildings, piers, a liner and 1,340 extras, was built. Elsewhere the water-front of Cobh (Queenstown), Ireland, was erected and, finally, a section of London near the Houses of Parliament was set up, resulting in a setting so large it twinned the giant constructed for the earthquake scenes in "San Francisco."

One more large item remained. On the 500-acre site at Chatsworth, California, where most of "The Good Earth" was filmed, swarms of laborers knocked down the Chinese huts, drained the rice-fields, leveled off the area, planted shrubbery and trees indigenous to Ireland and constructed a whole Irish village.

Brawn and blue-print accomplished these construction jobs, while brain provided by John van Druten and S. N. Behrman wrestled with the scenario. Of necessity, some of the more pertinent truths of the Parnell-O'Shea bonfire of hearts had to be cast aside. Thus, no children are born of the romance in the cinema version. Nor does Parnell marry Katie. He perishes, as he did in the play, from the multiple thrusts of overwork, a tired heart and the press of scandal which has destroyed all he worked for.

Scars—From the beginning, there was no intention of gluing to historical fact so far as the two principals were concerned. It was enough to preserve the idyllic proportions of the romance and buttress it with the three major blights of Parnell's political life: the case of the Phoenix Park murders, the beginnings of the O'Shea divorce scandal and Gladstone's horrified and granite refusal to present the Home Rule Bill in the face of the scandal whistling around Parnell's battered head and Katie's pretty ears. Up to then Gladstone had been willing to sponsor Home Rule and undoubtedly would have got it.

While Stahl and Whittaker investigated, laborers sweated in the fields and on the stages and Messrs. van Druten and Behrman wrote and rewrote, Mr. Gable and Myrna Loy (see cover) studied their rôles, prepared themselves for the task of being, for the camera's roving, pitiless eye, *Parnell* and *Katie*.

Nor was the casting department idle. Loaded with stacks of pictures of principals of the period, it searched Hollywood for types. Irish faces, British faces and faces which, with crape hair, could be made to look startlingly like William Ewart Gladstone, The O'Gorman Mahon and Capt. Willie O'Shea, to name only three.

Villains—Montagu Love, old-time film villain, now doing character work in films, was picked to play Gladstone. Curiously, after he was cast it was learned he had been a young cartoonist in London in Gladstone's time, had seen the old man often. To Allan Marshall, villainous young husband in "After the Thin Man," adoring young lawyer in "Night Must Fall," fell the work of playing *Capt. Willie O'Shea, Katie's* conniving, shallow, twisted husband. Burton Churchill, full-rigged in whiskers, became *The O'Gorman Mahon*, and Edna May Oliver became tart, wise, wealthy, helpful *Aunt Ben*.

Similar care was exercised to reproduce the facial appearance of the Members of the House of Commons, a matter which resulted in buying a ton and a half of crape hair. Lawmakers were hairy men in those stout times and indulged their faces in such woolly adornments as flowing beards, mutton-chops, mustaches and similar facial fungus.

Research Items—To-day, the Prime Minister is called the Prime Minister, but in 1880 Mr. Gladstone was "The Rt. Hon. Gentleman the Member from Midlothian." The Right Honorable, *etc.*, is used in "Parnell."

Parnell himself was "the Honorable Member for Cork." The distinction is slight, but essential: "from Midlothian" and "for Cork."

The acres of hair led to a last-minute

A lull in the shooting of M-G-M's "Parnell": Myrna Loy as "Katie" and Clark Gable, in the title-rôle, rehearse lines for the next scene

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order: No smoking on the set, positively. Which led, in turn, to another detail: What did the men of that class smoke in 1880? Cigarettes were out of the question, pipes were the symbol of the working class. Cigars, or nothing, resulted.

Whittaker ran into research troubles early in the job. Illustrated journalism was scarcely known in the United States in the 'eighties, was confined mainly to *Harper's Weekly* and *Leslie's Weekly*. Nothing here corresponded to the contemporary *London Weekly Graphic* or *Illustrated London News*. It seemed unimportant to him at first, but he was snagged quickly.

Opener—The opening episode of "Parnell" is a scene showing Parnell's departure for Ireland after a long time in this country. He sailed in a vicious blizzard in March, 1880. Papers of the time were searched and didn't make sense. Then two books were found, both by authorities, and they failed to match.

One said: "Parnell stood on the bridge the whole time until the tender left, with his head uncovered."

The other: "He stood on the S.S. *Baltic* as we left the dock for the river in the blinding snow."

Stahl was stumped. Should he order a tender or the *Baltic* built? So Whittaker went to the White Star Line. He could find no one there who was employed in March, 1880, but the Line became interested and pushed the investigation on its own. It went to the Port of New York Authority. Records were dusted off and this came back: "S.S. *Baltic* sailed that March day directly from Pier 46, as usual."

Whiskers—Whittaker had less trouble with the details of Parnell's appearance. An 1880 issue of *Punch* showed him wearing a mustache and slight side-whiskers. Gable wears those for the early scenes. A year later, in Kilmainham Jail, his side-whiskers had broadened into mutton-chops, according to a picture in *The Illustrated London News*.

For the later scenes, therefore, Gable wears fat-based mutton-chops. Indeed, Parnell's features are thus shown on buttons worn by adherents of the Irish Land League of the period. After 1882, Parnell started a full beard. Whittaker believes Katie urged that and supports his belief with proof that once, when she and Parnell quarreled in a tiff lasting two weeks, he cut the beard down to the vanishing point.

There was only slight pother over Parnell's speech as it was to issue from the lips of Gable. Parnell was the son of an Englishman who descended from the first Earl of Warwick and who owned lands in Ireland yielding £4,000 a year in revenues. But he also was the son of Delia Tudor Stewart, of Virginia. His grandfather was Adm. Charles Stewart.

Parnell had passed a full year on a brother's peach-farm in Alabama. He loathed the English. Therefore, it was decided to give him American speech and dissuade Gable from attempting any British accents, however slight. The result is Gable's natural accent, which is neither British, Irish, Virginian nor Alabaman, but straight Ohio.

Horses had to have their tails docked because Hollywood had not enough docktailed carriage-pullers and it was the fashion of the period to dock them.

Attire—Toughest research and duplication job was the Court of Law scene of sittings of the Special Commission of Inquiry into

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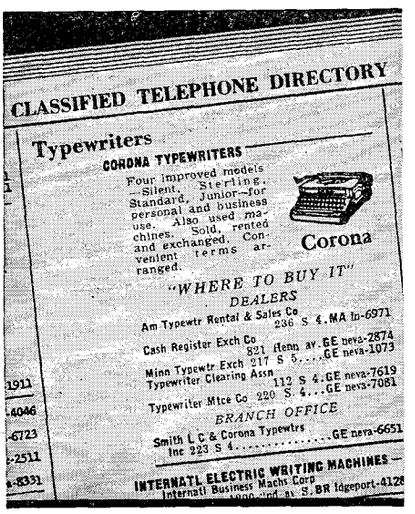
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the Phoenix Park murders. The three judges wore robes, as English magazines of the time clearly show, but were the robes of judges the same as robes of commissioners? Whittaker wanted to know.

Lord Halsbury, son of a Lord Chancellor, lent a black robe to clear up the puzzle. Other facts concerning size and shape of wigs for the judges were cleared up by cable and the result is a factual representation of February, 1888, when Parnell was cleared of any part in the murders.

Often on the sets was Randolph Churchill, son of the Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill. First he was a visitor, then he helped to certify the accuracy of facts gained by research. In the end, he worked one day as an extra in the House of Commons scene. Having stood for Parliament three times, he knew the daily wage of a Member of Parliament. It is £1. As a Hollywood extra he received $7.50 for the day's work.

Not at all like Katie O'Shea—*"THAT one!"* as she was known to thousands of Irish when the divorce scandal broke—is Miss Loy. The real Katie was a dumpy little figure, neither in face nor form one who predictably had power enough to turn Parnell from his bitter path and cause him to wreck the Irish Party in its quest for Home Rule. The Loy, in costumes of the period, makes the bewitching of Parnell somewhat more credible.

Production Facts—Twice, undirected tears flowed on the set. First time was at 2 o'clock, one day last December, when Stahl ordered arc-lights cut, asked the players to relax. Electricians snapped switches, sat back on the parallels over the set. Carpenters put down their hammers. Cameramen hooded the lenses, more than 200 mixed Americans, Britons and Irish sat quietly in their costumes and beards in an exact reproduction of the House of Commons. A clock struck two, a moment later there was heard the boom of a distant and large clock and a strained, British voice said: "At long last. . . ." *etc.*

Almost 7,000 miles away in a London night, Edward VIII was abdicating his Throne.

Most of the British actors shed tears and a few of the Irish, too. That morning, curiously, in a scene written by the authors weeks ahead of any knowledge of King Edward's abdication and certainly without hint of what the King would say, Gable, as Parnell, had uttered these words to actors playing his loyal friends in the Irish Party:

"I can not go on without the woman I love."

Now that the picture has been completed, Stahl, M-G-M and others connected with the production are convinced they will be blamed for putting those lines in deliberately and taking advantage of a historic occasion. Actually, the scenario was written before Mrs. Simpson's divorce was even thought of.

Moments—The other time for tears actually covers a span of thirty-four years. Brandon Tynan, Dublin-born actor, made his début in the rôle of Robert Emmet, Irish patriot, in the Fourteenth Street Theater in New York on August 18, 1903. He was a flashing young Irishman then, taking twenty-seven curtain-calls. A bit-player in the company was Stahl. Stahl was killed in the second act, but always remained to hear Tynan recite the final Emmet speech from the dock. He never forgot it.

When checking the casting for "Parnell," he thought of Tynan for the rôle of Michael Davitt, Parnell's closest friend. The part eventually went to Donald Crisp, but Tynan was on his way to Hollywood answering a telegram from Stahl. The thirty years and more had changed him from a spirited young Irishman into an aging actor, so Stahl gave him the rôle of Redmond. Later, Stahl decided to give Tynan another small rôle. The second was that of J. F. X. O'Brien, oldest member of the Irish Party. It was a bit, but had a magnificent moment.

The day that Tynan was to play that moment he received a cable telling him that his father, Patrick J. P. Tynan, a patriot of Ireland's troubled years, had died.

Not many hours after, he was on Stage 3, ready to play the part. Gable took his place, the members of the Irish Party surrounded him. Off-side Stahl turned to Tynan: "When he shouts 'Home Rule is here!' go out there and give yourself!"

Close-Up—Gable braced himself, read the line. The Irish partizans began to yell and scream with happiness. Tynan, sobbing, walked onto the set.

"O'Brien! Old O'Brien!" they cried. "Let's hear from O'Brien!"

The camera trucked up close, it took in only the tear-strewn face of Tynan and the strained face of Gable.

"Mr. Parnell, sir . . . Charlie," began Tynan. "As the oldest member of the Irish Party—one whose father fought with Robert Emmet—who, as a mere gossoon himself, was with O'Connell and has served a term in prison and even been sentenced to death in the service of Ireland—all my life I've dreamed and waited for this day. It has been long in coming—almost too long for me. For eighty years I've carried in my ears one phrase more haunting than any melody the harp of Ireland ever played—the phrase 'Home Rule for Ireland.' You've got it for us, Charlie, and I say—an old man nearly past his time—'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen the glory.' . . ."

Tynan was helped down from the platform. Gable stood with tears in his eyes. There was a full, long second of absolute

John Stahl, Director, gives Myrna Loy a bit of advice before going on the "Parnell" set

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silence and then the cast began to cheer Tynan.

As for the eloquence of Parnell, his widow wrote in her book: "Beautifully clear and limpid and never at a loss for a word." An M. P. of the time wrote: "Poor and hesitant and nervous because he loathed making speeches." It was decided to have Gable speak the Van Druten-Behrman lines as written without attempting to steer either course.

Contemporaries differed as to Parnell's temper and courtesy. It didn't matter. He was made to seem agreeable but dignified and ever courteous, if a shade icy when crossed. Katie O'Shea's book confused M-G-M frequently. He made almost constant calls on Gladstone between 1882 and 1889, she wrote. This was denied by Gladstone's son, who says Parnell called only three times in that period. She missed on the tint of the old man's eyes. She described them as slate-colored. The son, Viscount Gladstone, calmly says they were "very dark brown, verging on black."

Spuds—No tears were shed the day Gable and Miss Loy nibbled at nineteen baked potatoes between the hoarse coughs of a hack-horse. The scene was a London street just outside the Houses of Parliament. Parnell and Katie were supposed to be lost in a fog. Parnell saw a red glow, they followed it to a baked-potato vender, bought two potatoes, strolled down the street nibbling them. As Gable started a line, a horse coughed. It was offstage, would be brought on at the right moment at the end of a 200-yard walk, emerging from the fog as a horse drawing a hack. But that was the wrong moment.

The scene started all over again, potatoes were bought and nibbled, again the horse coughed. The scene was shot, with potatoes, nineteen times before the horse decided to remain silent.

That night, when she arrived home, Miss Loy's husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., greeted her with "We have your favorite for dinner to-night—baked potatoes!"

Down at the other end of Beverly Hills, Gable went to a friend's home for dinner. There was no soup course. The entree came first. A giant baked potato.

It was not coincidence in either case. People on the set had telephoned both houses, describing how completely sick of baked potatoes Miss Loy and Mr. Gable rapidly were becoming. The rest was Hollywood "ribbing."

Slicing—Ten days ago, Stahl finished preliminary cutting of the long picture. He hewed the more than 75,000 feet of film down to 12,000, roughly twelve reels. He cut again and got it to about ten reels. Then it was loaded secretly into a truck and sped to Santa Ana, a California town in the midst of the orange-grove country forty miles from Hollywood.

There, without advance announcement, it was sprung upon a regular audience. The result was cheering to Stahl and M-G-M executives. Soon the picture will get its final cutting and be released.

"Parnell" is a stirring, sometimes majestic, romance set against a boiling period in the history of Ireland. It is an eloquent contribution to the cinema's duties toward history and one of Director Stahl's distinguished accomplishments. It makes no constant pretensions to factual history, but supplies enough of it to make the love-story of Charles Parnell and Katie O'Shea a splendid screen adventure.

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Letters and Art

RED, WHITE, BLUE: American Painters' Works Shown at Cleveland, Plus Billy Rose

Cultural grist for the second year of the Great Lakes Exposition will be supplied by the Cleveland Museum of Art. William M. Milliken, Director, announced last week that the Museum will present an exhibition of American Painting From 1860 Until To-Day.

Opening fireworks at the Lake Erie fair, celebrating the city's centennial, started last Saturday. For 101 days, America's sixth largest city (pop. 900,429 in 1930 census) will be host to any and all. On the made-over water-front of old Moses Cleveland's metropolis, a variety of entertainments are being offered.

Chief among the novelties are the Billy Rose Aquacade, Winterland and Pioneer Palace, produced at an estimated figure of $350,000.

President Roosevelt pushed the button in Washington last week that turned on the Exposition's lighting display—366 miles away.

The Museum, however, is waiting until June 22 to open its exhibition, which will run the duration of the exposition. Unlike the show of last summer, featuring six centuries of European art, the new exhibits will form no official part of the municipal fête. Better keep art separate from hot-dogs, holiday capers and explosive jubilation, the officials of the Museum decided.

Painters—The artists included will begin with the early American romanticists: George Inness, Sr. (1825-'94), Homer Dodge Martin (1836-'97) and Ralph Albert Blakelock (1847-1919). They were the early artists who broke away from the stiff realism of the Hudson River School. Chronologically, they will be followed by the works of the psychic romanticist, Albert Pinkham Ryder (1847-1917).

Two realists, painting about the same time, will be represented by four major works. These are Winslow Homer (1836-1910) and Thomas W. Eakins (1844-1916).

To give further scope to the panorama of American art in the nineteenth century, two American expatriates will be included with four works each. These are James Abbott McNeill Whistler (1834-1903) and John Singer Sargent (1856-1925). Among these will be Sargent's distinguished portrait of Mrs. Fiske Warren and her daughter.

The story of American art then will be carried on by the works of William Merritt Chase (1849-1916), Abbott Henderson Thayer (1849-1921), Julian Alden Weir (1852-1919) and Frank Duveneck (1848-1919).

Two hundred canvases will be the limit of the exhibition in seven galleries of the Museum.

Recent—Next in the story of American painters will be the important men of the early twentieth century who have died in the past few years. Three paintings each will be shown of George Wesley Bellows (1882-1925), Arthur Bowen Davies (1862-1928), George Benjamin Luks (1867-1933) and Maurice Brazil Prendergast (1861-1924).

The succeeding stages are represented by contemporary painters such as William J. Glackens, John Sloan, Maurice Sterne, Peter Blume, Reginald Marsh, Gifford Beal and Kenneth Hayes Miller.

One gallery will be set aside for a representative group of Cleveland artists starting with the works of Louis Loeb (1866-1909) and Max Bohm (1868-1923). This part of the show also will include contemporary Cleveland-born artists who have been successful elsewhere, such as Abel Warshawsky, Alexander Warshawsky, Sidney Laufman and Frederick Clark Gottwald.

The Cleveland Museum for two decades has stressed the importance of native artists, particularly in eighteen May shows, sales from which have been $175,412.23. It is hoped that the current exhibition will carry on the interest aroused by the exhibition of Paintings and Prints by Cleveland Artists held at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York City (March 16-April 16, 1937).

One gallery will be devoted to a collection of approximately sixty water-colors showing the work of twelve of America's leading water-colorists, each being represented by five or six works. Also chronological, this exhibit will start with the water-colors of John LaFarge (1836-1910) through Sargent, Homer, Prendergast and George Overbury ("Pop") Hart (1868-1933). The contemporaries shown will be Dodge MacKnight, Charles Demuth, the Cleveland-born William Zorach and John Marin.

Home-Town—Charles E. Burchfield, product of the Cleveland School of Art, will be represented by water-colors done when he worked in that city. There also will be five works each by the contemporary Cleveland water-colorists, Henry George Keller and William Sommer.

The Cleveland Museum, with its white Georgia marble exterior, was formally dedicated on June 6, 1916. Its cost was about $1,250,000. It grew out of trusts by John Huntington and Horace Kelley, "for the purpose of establishing and maintaining in the City of Cleveland a gallery and museum of art for the promotion and cultivation of art in said city."

Important items in the collection are

Courtesy Cleveland Museum of Art

At forty-four, Eugene Speicher scored at Cleveland with his painting "Mlle. Jeanne Balzac"

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the medieval section, including the famous Straganoff ivory plaque and nine pieces from the Guelph Treasure; a group of colonial portraits; the Holden collection of Italian paintings with Filippino Lippi's masterpiece "Holy Family with St. Margaret and St. John."

The Museum has stressed the importance of art in the cultural education of Cleveland's students. Forty to fifty thousand public-school children, as part of their regular studies, visit it annually. Other thousands are reached in their classrooms. Saturday morning classes bring from 700 to 1,000 children to the institution weekly.

In addition to what is being done at the Museum, a department of extension places exhibits in cases provided in 150 schools, libraries and community centers throughout Greater Cleveland.

MR. CHAIRMAN: Toastmastership Detailed from Publicity to Finance to Hecklers

If all the banquet-tables in the country were placed side by side, "The Toastmaster's Manual" (Indianapolis; Maxwell Droke, $2.50) would cover them neatly.

Harold W. Donahue, President of Canada's Advertising Affiliation, in that book has considered all aspects of banquet management from selecting committees to throwing out obstreperous drunks. Tho one may not expect to tackle this job with the responsibilities of a ship's captain in a hurricane, this book makes it fun to learn what it's all about.

Its essential parts:

Chairmen of Committees—A general chairman is known by the chairmen he selects to head his various committees. Get men who are professionals in their fields—newspaper or advertising men to handle publicity; transportation men who are automobile distributers, railroad or air-line men; the manager of an office-supply house to handle registrations; an accountant to rule the finance committee. Then, human nature being what it is, follow the advice of the Negro parson impressing truths upon his congregation: "Fust, I tells 'em what I is goin' to tell 'em. Then I tells 'em. Lastly, I tells 'em what I told 'em."

Best way to handle an unruly committee member is to invent a new committee for him and let him worry with it.

Budget—Most banquet-budgets are "guesstimates," usually: "$400 for printing costs? Gosh, I can get it done for half that." It turns out that the printing bill is $675.82. False economy is failure to spend money on showmanship and publicity. It virtually is fatal to appoint a banker or tight-fisted accountant as budget-maker. Once it is determined, then bring on your miser-man. Any budget, large or small, should be underwritten by responsible men; the only time to make arrangements for deficits is in advance. Passing the hat among the mourners always is discouraging.

Publicity—A complicated and exacting business, the publicity chairmanship is not for *Mrs. Plunkett,* who came to town recently and thought it would be a nice way for her to get acquainted. The newspapers owe you nothing and resent amateur attempts to run the business of disseminating news. Copy should be typewritten double-spaced on one side of the paper, devoid of "literary flavor," but containing all the facts. More than that, it should contain a calculated story, controversial, timely, with pictures carrying captions attached, not written on the back. To try to write head-lines for the copy is unwise and futile, however. It is a job that newspaper writers themselves do not attempt, leaving it to the copy-desk that knows style and space requirements.

It's less expensive and more productive to get a professional publicity man to do the job; but a skilled newspaper or advertising man can handle the job if he is sufficiently interested. Tickets for himself and a woman friend, Mr. Donahue believes, sometimes will turn the trick.

Speakers—Get a good title for a talk, then pick the speaker best able to discuss the theme. Really important people can be had when interest is shown in their interests. Avoid the professional palaverers whose one thought in life is to get up before a large crowd and exercise their vocal cords.

Entertainment—Getting entertainment is the job for an individual who is "one of the boys." Every banquet should have a plan of showmanship. The man who is interested in the arts, theater and night-clubbing has a pretty good idea of it, realizes that the tone of the evening should be consistent. Even the astute Theodore Roosevelt pulled a boner when he made a serious speech at a raucous Gridiron dinner. An inside tip: Plan on a short recess, but let it come as a surprize. Otherwise, trips to the bar will have been planned and reassembly will be out of the question.

Timing—Banquets run behind schedule because: Too many events have been encompassed within time-limits, extraneous bulletins, *etc.*, are interpolated, speakers are not held within their limits. The solution is instilling a strong conviction that you mean what you say about keeping to schedule. Hand the overtime speaker a

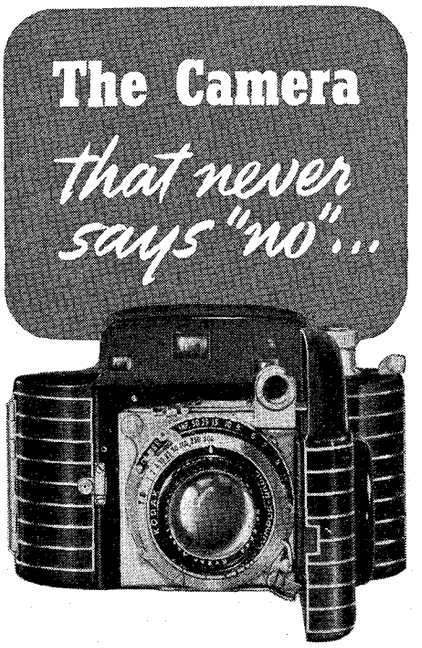
Poem of the Week

Foster Mother

When her self-sacrificing youth was spent,
Belated marriage came and did not bring
A child. But strong desire for mothering
Still shone, the light of her whole firmament,
And guided her when trustingly she went
In search of one whose tiny hand would cling
To hers, whose mind and body's nourishing
Would change a sense of need to rich content.

Without a pause the star moved on, above
Inheritors of beauty, race and health;
But when its light revealed a foundling, marred
At birth, denied a rightful share of love,
The seeker's quest was ended. "This great wealth
Is mine," she said, "this treasure mine to guard."

From: "Questing Spirit." By Emma L. Johnston. (Atlanta: Banner Press; $1.50.) 62 pages.



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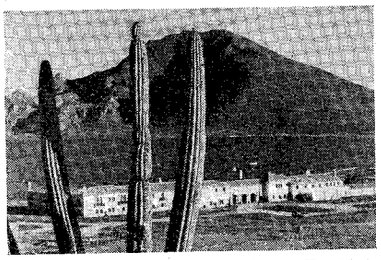

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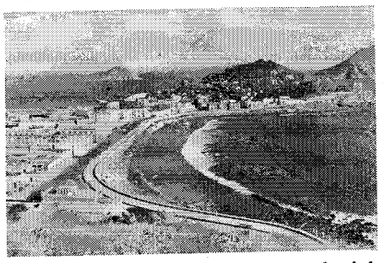

MAZATLAN, a dream-town of pink and blue houses, cobbled streets, *mariachi* serenaders, tall cocoanut palms.

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WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE

note, kick him in the shins, but stop him on time.

"They were overwhelmed," wrote an observer of one of Napoleon's regiments, "by the thunder of his stentorian silence." Silence has power transcending the most vibrant voice.

Go quietly to your post, say men of experience, sound the gavel or gong. Then wait; just wait. Gaze over the audience in a calm, pleasant manner. Say nothing and with eloquence. Silence is your answer within forty seconds.

Any display of force is an admission of weakness. "So the noise worries him, eh?" sneers an audience. Something of the same kind is in the back of the heckler's mind. Shut him up with the invitation to speak from the platform—after the speaker. As general chairman, interrupt any speaker who is heckled by a drunk. Address the drunk directly. He will quiet down or get out.

When it gets around that a speaker isn't going to be so good, watch for a walk-out. Forestall it with the suggestion that the next speech is to take but a few minutes.

Conclusion—For the presiding officer to hit the gong and mumble, "Meeting's adj'rn'd," is crude and rude. Why not put as much showmanship and graciousness into the final moments as went into the introductions?

Maybe your speaker wasn't a sensation. Perhaps you and other members of the group are disappointed.

Well, what if? Try to pick out *something* the speaker has said and refer to it. Rare indeed is a talk so poor that it doesn't contain an idea which can be mentioned in a spirit of commendation.

Having thanked the speaker, plug your next program. After all, the old theatrical stock-company manager was a pretty shrewd fellow:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, tomorrow night 'East Lynne' and on Saturday night 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' with real bloodhounds!"

THUMBING THE BOOKS

Satire—"Earthly Discourse." By Charles Erskine Scott Wood. (Vanguard Press: $2.) At eighty-five and near blindness, Colonel Wood still retains the vigor that made his previous vigorous satire of "Heavenly Discourse" celebrated. He does not write as a professional typewriter-beater, but, rather, as a man with a fine sense of humor who wants to comment to his friends on the absurdities of life as we live it.

Artist—"Dear Theo." The letters of Vincent van Gogh arranged and selected by Irving Stone. (Houghton, Mifflin; $3.75.) For many years Vincent van Gogh, now recognized everywhere as one of the leading European artists of the past century, had only one friend, mediator and advocate—his brother, Theo. To Theo he told all his troubles in long, passionate letters. When these letters first were collected and published several years ago, it was an expensive collection limited to those who could afford a four-volume set. Now, the letters, in all their beauty and stark simplicity, can be read by every one.

Educator—"Pedlar's Progress." By Odell Shepard. (Little, Brown; $3.75.) The father of Louisa M. Alcott was, by Professor Shepard's count, an unrecognized genius in his generation. A few of his contemporaries thought well of him, including Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne. They saw him as a man doomed to live before his time. Indeed, he was gentle and seemingly aimless. He got on well with children, but he couldn't run a school. Until Shepard waded through the 5,000,000 words of his diaries, no one knew just what kind of a man Bronson Alcott was. Now the answer is available in a feelingly written, painstaking biography.

Parents—"The Amberley Papers." By Bertrand and Patricia Russell. (W. W. Norton; two volumes, $10 the set.) From about 1850 to 1870, Lord and Lady Amberley shocked self-respecting Victorian society by calling attention to the underprivileged. Lord Amberley served a short term in Parliament and lost his seat when he advocated birth control. In America the Amberleys stayed with Emerson, knew "Mr. H. Longfellow, the poet." Their diary, edited by their son, Bertrand Russell, is full of side-lights on the course of history. Accounts are given of Queen Victoria, Thomas Carlyle and Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Dramatics—"Let's Give a Play." By Gertrude S. Buckland. (Thomas Crowell; $1.50.) The occasion frequently arises when the inexperienced are called upon to direct a Sunday-school play or a Scout pageant. For them and for teachers who need scripts for school presentations, this book is designed. It contains nine plays for children between the third and seventh grades.

Sculptor—"Rodin." By Anne Leslie. (Prentice-Hall; $3.) The man who molded the world-famed "Thinker" started life as an illiterate peasant. By sheer force of genius he overcame the obstacles before him and rose to eminence as one of France's truly great sculptors. This new biography is written lucidly and is full of anecdotes of people who knew Rodin in his lifetime.

Abroad at Home—"An Introduction to Boat-Owning." By William F. Crosby. (Alfred Knopf; $2.) The Editor of *The Rudder* takes time off from his duties to write an authoritative small book on boats: how to buy them, how to care for them and where to cruise. His suggestions are based on a long acquaintance with boats and are required reading for all interested in small water-craft.

Music—"A Book of the Symphony." By B. H. Haggin. (Oxford University Press; $5.) When faced with the problem of making music comprehensible to students who knew very little about it, Professor Haggin resorted to phonograph-records with an accompaniment of comment. Carrying on the method, he made a scale measuring exactly the place on any phonograph-record where a passage occurs. His book incorporates this method so untutored music-lovers living in remote corners can use the Haggin scale and text to learn more about their favorite symphonies.

Midwest—"John Drakin." By G. D. Eaton. (Gutenberg; $2.50.) This well-written story was done by a dying newspaper man who completed it in his last illness because he felt it had to be written. The book tells the story of a drifting young man of wealthy background who wanders aimlessly into a wretched marriage with a waitress. Eaton's realism is impressive and interesting. The book stands as a fine tribute to his memory.

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Off-Side

Embarrassed—Noticing a crumpled ball of "wax-paper" on a table next to a woman customer, obliging Bill Tawse, druggist of Mansfield, Ohio, threw the object into an ash-bin. All the bottles in his store rattled under the thunder of the woman's imprecations as she fumed that the "wax-paper" was her brand new raincoat.

* * *

Horn—Indianapolis neighbors of Homer H. French, forty-seven, grew tired of listening to the matutinal honking he indulged in to awaken his son. French was tired of alarm-clocks, shouting and futile back-slapping, so he insisted on the horn. A judge fined him and has suggested he try still other less noisy methods.

* * *

Favorites—At the University of Kentucky, male students like their favorite girls to weigh 125 pounds, be five feet five inches in height, have brown hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. Dr. Jesse E. Adams, who conducted the survey, suggested that the plump type was definitely on the up-swing.

* * *

Well—Albert Sequin, Utica, New York, farmer, waters his cows and gets gas for cooking from the same well. He has rigged up a system allowing unlimited use of both resources. When a cow drinks, it presses a ring which sends more water into the drinking-bowl. As the pressure goes down, the gas comes up.

* * *

Parrot—With high disdain for all water, the parrot of M. P. Phillips of Sierra Madre, California, has as its theme-song, "Polly Wants a Rain-Coat." Only recently the bird escaped, shrieking the sentence at pursuing members of the Police and Fire Departments.

* * *

Caught—"I'm locked in," shouted an exasperated voice, calling the Superintendent's office at the Kansas State Reformatory. "And why not?" asked a guard. Only then did he recognize the voice of the new Superintendent, who had been caught in a cell on his first tour of inspection.

* * *

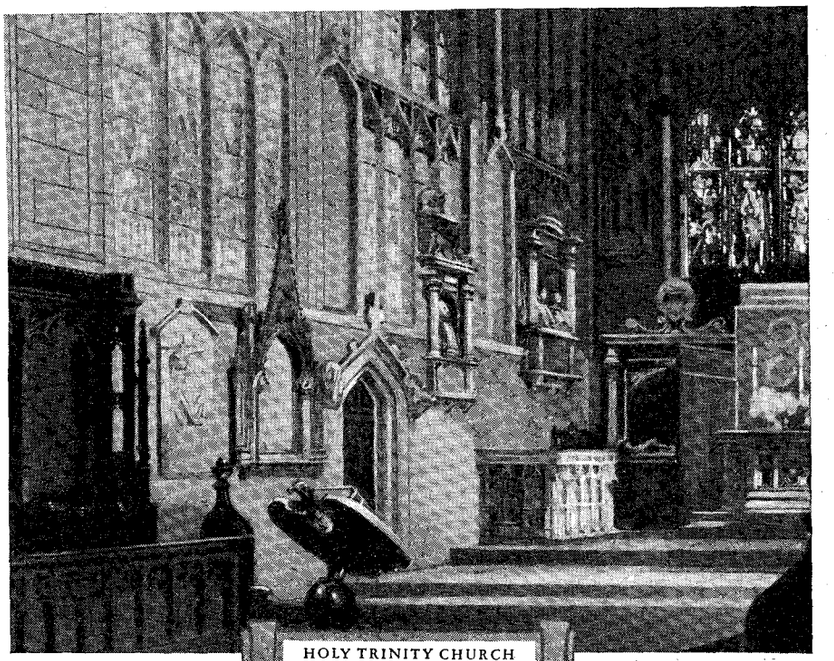
Convenience—The 100 citizens of Rossville, Iowa, believe in modern conveniences. Their twenty-five mail-boxes are located beside the general store and a few steps from the town well. In one swooping round-up, housewives buy their day's food supplies, pick up the mail and fill pails with fresh drinking-water.

* * *

Vandalism—Jimmy Lynch, shy tow-headed fifteen-year-old, hurled bricks through a neighbor's window in New York City last week. Sleepy Harold Reimer was annoyed at being hit by a brick. "I'm sorry, mister," said Jimmy, "but your house is on fire."

* * *

Bath—Circuit Judge Ira W. Jayne of Detroit, administering the estate of the late Harry C. Wakeman, holds that a bath is a necessary part of a traveling salesman's work, demands workman's-compensation payments for Wakeman's death, caused by slipping on a cake of soap in a Cleveland bathtub.



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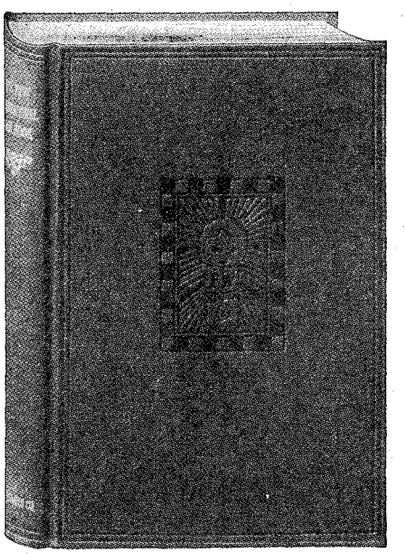

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Religion

"PLAIN PEOPLE": Dunkers and Amish Wear Drab Garb and Resist Modernism

"A work of the devil!"

Elderly Dunker (colloquially, but improperly, "Dunkard") men in severe black and women in poke-bonnets and long dresses faced their "modern" brethren at their recent fifty-sixth annual meeting in a huge tent near Delphi, Indiana, and hurled this blast at "that newfangled contraption, the radio."

"They are no worse than telephones or lace-curtains!" the modernists shouted back.

After an hour-long battle, Presiding Elder Jacob Skiles, a small, gray-bearded man with mild mannerisms, called for an oral vote. A deafening chorus of "nays" against the radio followed.

The delighted conservatives broke into cheers. They thus had evened up handily for previous defeats over autos, telephones and lace-curtains.

More Wo—While this old-fashioned religious sect—Old Order of German Baptist Brethren—was so disputing, a kindred group, the Amish Mennonites, also made news last week by a battle over encroaching modernity.

Amishmen were stedfastly resisting efforts of the Federal Government to build a new consolidated schoolhouse for them in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. It would incur debt, they said, take their children too far from home, lead them to modernism by grouping them together.

The Dunkers are of German derivation; the Amish hail from Switzerland, where they grew out of the Reformation. Amish folk dress and live much alike. Neighbors in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, where their few thousand members mostly reside, call them and other similar sectarians "the Plain People."

The Amish get their name from Jacob Amman, under whose leadership a faction seceded from the Mennonite Church in 1620 in a dispute over progressivism. They went to Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1683.

The Dunkers (from Pennsylvania German, "to dunk") stem from the German Pietist movement and owe their name to their corner-stone, baptism by immersion. They journeyed to Pennsylvania between 1719 and 1729 to escape persecution.

Ritual—Their church has no formal creed, liturgical ceremony or clerical hierarchy. It merely pursues the New Testament teachings. In church, men sit on one side and women on the other. Foot-washing is an important part of their rites.

Rules of the sect prohibit movies, cards, musical instruments, *etc.*, but most of the delegates to their recent convention had automobiles. Being spread over the country, they have no specific form of government. Most of them are comfortably-fixed farmers

As the church has no preachers, the elder members preside at the communal services and conventions. For this year's convention, Elder Skiles, who is a Rossville, Indiana, farmer, was reelected moderator.

During the sessions, members gathered around the refreshment stands erected on the grounds. A few women wore polka-dot sateens and silks, more were plainly

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Pictures, Inc.

Bearded Amishmen refused PWA grants for buses to cart their children to school

dressed. Most of the men wore black. A few had gray hats and bright ties.

The men had long beards, salad-bowl hair-cuts and plenty of money. They were predominantly farm people. One had a Negro chauffeur driving a Packard bearing Pennsylvania license-plates.

Salute—Meeting each other, the men obeyed St. Paul's words to "greet one another with a holy kiss."

About 4,000 official delegates or "messengers" were present. The majority came from the eleven Indiana churches which acted as hosts. Among distinguished "messengers" was Charles Rumble, wealthy California apple-and-orange king.

All the delegates were housed in a tent city on the Adam Blocher farm and crammed into the homes of neighboring Dunkers. Some members slept on straw ticks in the barn and machine-shop. There was virtually no entertainment except conversation among old friends, because of the strict Dunker religious code. During services, the only music was singing unaccompanied by piano or organ. Instruments were barred.

The sessions were held in a large tent. Another tent was a lunch-room. Meals were cooked over a huge brick open-air fireplace.

Ten fine cattle were slaughtered for the Sunday noon meal. The usual Dunker meal consists of quantities of beef, broth, bread, coffee and apple-butter. From a member in Virginia came his usual barrel of apple-butter to each major meeting.

Ban—Most quivering issue before the convention was the use of radios in homes, an issue before every convention since 1925. The penalty for owning a radio is discontinuance of the privilege of taking communion. Violating members, however, are not barred from membership.

At the close of the convention, Charles Eikenberry, Carrol County (Indiana) Treasurer, acted as auctioneer to sell lumber, worn canvas from tents, linen and odds and ends. Then men plowed up the grounds to plant corn.

The Amish still ban lace-curtains, all types of musical instruments and use hooks and eyes instead of buttons on their clothes. They are principally farmers who work hard, avoid show of wealth. Their men neither shave nor cut their hair. They wear long black coats and broad-brimmed hats with round crowns.

Women wear long plain dresses and sunbonnets. Most of them are modest in manner, shunning publicity of any sort. Homes where there are marriageable daughters have gates painted bright blue.

The Amish have used automobiles for several years. Many still cling to the horse and buggy, however. One of the largest Indiana groups is in Howard County.

Hitching—When it appeared recently that this group might boycott Kokomo because it lacked a place to tether horses while shopping, a lumber company donated about an acre of land for this purpose.

About six years ago, the Amish lost a State Supreme Court fight for the right to keep their children home from school after graduation from the grades regardless of the State law requiring attendance until sixteen. The Amish argued that higher education tended to wean children from farm homes and into sinful city life.

Like the Dunkers, the Lancaster County Amish have their moderns and oldsters. But in their group the former are called conservatives while the latter form what is known as the "house." Until 1870 there had been only one order, the Regular Amish Party.

The conservatives are more modern in their design for living, have churches where all religious services are held. The "house" is strict about old-fashioned rules, holds all its meetings in members' homes. All their bishops, deacons and ministers are selected by lot.

Amishmen do not buy life insurance, do not serve on juries, do not take their troubles to court and will not enter military service.

Defense—Last week, while the Dunkers were dispersing to their plowed fields, the Amish Bishop, the Rev. Eli J. Bontreger, paused to defend his group against confused ideas of its traditions and customs.

Reports had persisted in Indiana that the Amishmen were permitting bundling—that old custom of courtship in bed.

"Our people," protested Bishop Bontreger, "hold fast to old customs, but bundling is not one of them."

Sitting in his farmstead at Middlebury, Indiana, center of the sect, he explained: "We forego modern things to protect our young folk from non-spiritual influences."

He said Amishmen found nothing sinful in autos, movies and radio—particularly the last two.

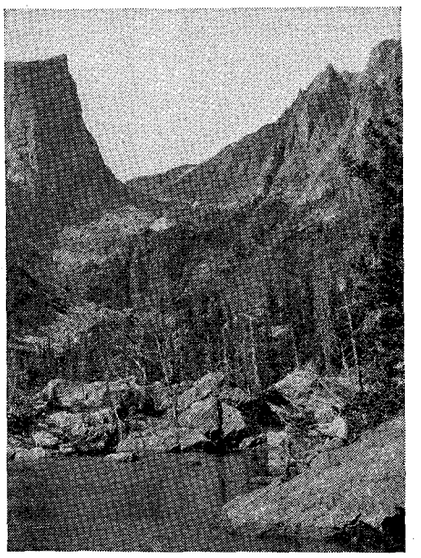
"But they tend to make the young folk worldly and since our church seeks no converts it must maintain a hold upon its young people if it is to survive," the Bishop declared.

SEVEN VIRTUES: Old Ideals of Plato and Paul Stand Up in Reply to Modern Questionnaire

Wisdom, courage, temperance, justice, faith, hope and charity—these are the Seven Cardinal Virtues (or Gifts of the Spirit) handed down through the ages.

The first four were crystallized by Plato, who explained that they corresponded to the natural constitution of the soul, therefore forming the four sides of a symmetrical character. The early Church fathers, persuaded that they referred, however, to

COLORADO



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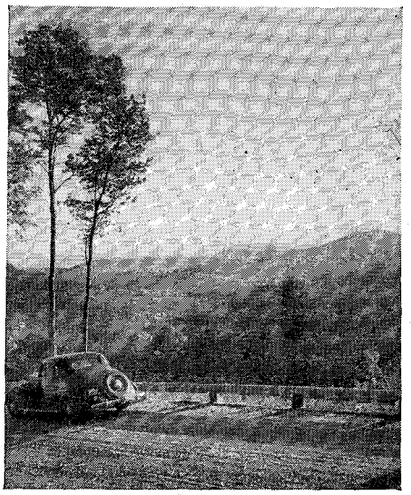

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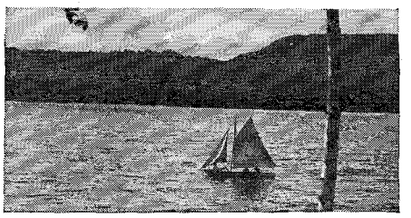

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man's temporal life alone, added the three Pauline graces to express his relation to the spiritual world.

How do all of them stand up in this modern world of shifting moral values and ethical concepts?

The Rev. Granville Moody Calhoun, while Pastor of suburban Milwaukee's West Allis Methodist Episcopal Church, recently was devoted to such speculation. He prepared a card listing fifty old-fashioned virtues, mailed it to his 500 parishioners and asked them to name the Seven Cardinal Virtues to-day.

Listed alphabetically, they were:

Accuracy	Meekness
Ambition	Mercy
Appreciation	Modesty
Benevolence	Obedience
Cheerfulness	Optimism
Courage	Patience
Courtesy	Piety
Contentment	Punctuality
Charitableness	Purity
Decision	Patriotism
Dependability	Perseverance
Enthusiasm	Reverence
Faithfulness	Self-confidence
Forgiveness	Self-control
Friendliness	Self-respect
Generosity	Sincerity
Gentleness	Stedfastness
Gratitude	Sympathy
Industry	Temperance
Honesty	Tolerance
Hospitality	Thoughtfulness
Humility	Thoroughness
Justice	Thrift
Kindness	Truthfulness
Loyalty	Unselfishness

As the Rev. Mr. Calhoun, bald, heavy-set and fifty-seven, dumped the cards into the post-office, the thought occurred that he might make a double check by sending some to out-of-towners. So he dispatched 1,000 to persons all over the nation, including President Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, Mary Pickford and Boake Carter.

All told, he got back answers from 1,150.

Tabulated, these returns show that the Seven Cardinal Virtues of 1937, with the votes for each, are:

Honesty, 400.	Loyalty, 190.
Courage, 350.	Reverence, 150.
Dependability, 275.	Forgiveness, 150.
Self-control, 200.	

The Rev. Mr. Calhoun said he thought the choice demonstrated that the old school of virtues still was uppermost in the minds of leading national figures.

In the survey, he estimated that 400 to 500 of his West Allis parishioners had participated. Replies mainly were from persons of mature age, which he estimated averaged about forty.

The parish included many persons of English descent. He regarded it as a group of more than average intelligence, including industrial engineers and school men. The town, of 35,000 population, largely Polish and German, embraces some of Wisconsin's largest industries.

Announcing the result of the survey by the Rev. Mr. Calhoun, currently a Pastor of the Racine (Orange Avenue) Methodist Episcopal Church, the authoritative magazine *Church Management* commented:

"Not a bad selection, we think."

UNITY RULES: Split Over Humanism in Unitarian Church Ended by Election

Last week, the Unitarian Church, deftly kept its immemorial unity by preventing a shown-down over that modern bugaboo of old-time religion—humanism.

Every year, 111 times, the Board of the governing body, the American Unitarian Association, had nominated its President, which meant election. This year, dissenters from this procedure, led by the Rev. O. E. Helsing of Chicago, dug up a forgotten by-law allowing nominations by petition.

The 123,970 American Unitarians in 355 active churches of this denomination, which has counted among its members Charles Francis Adams, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Milton, John Locke and Sir Isaac Newton, suddenly found themselves with two rival candidates. They were the Rev. Frederick May Eliot of St. Paul, choice of the Association Board, and the Rev. Charles R. Joy, Administrative Vice-President of the Association, favorite of the independents.

To one and all, the issue, discussed with muted voice for years past, was quite obvious: humanism. Rooting its faith more in man than in God, this creed is being preached to-day in more than 100 Unitarian pulpits. High priest of it is Charles Francis Potter, former Congregationalist minister and author of "The Story of Religion," who has headquarters in New York.

Drastic—Three years ago, the Association named Doctor Eliot as head of an appraisal commission to investigate current Unitarian practises.* In a report presented last year and entitled "Unitarians Face a New Age," it criticized existing conditions, recommended radical changes.

Doctor Joy is known to have differed from the findings, opening the way for a fight over rules.

Popular with the youth in the Church, Doctor Eliot is forty-seven, dark, tall, scholarly and bespectacled, a Bostonian by birth. Like Doctor Joy, he is Harvard-educated. He is of the third generation of his family in the Unitarian ministry and is a cousin twice removed of Harvard's late President, Charles W. Eliot.

Chief complaint against him by Joy adherents has been that he is "tainted" with humanism. This, it is charged, is in conflict with the religious views of the majority.

Out—Up until last week Unitarians confidently had expected that the presidential election would force a show-down on the humanism issue. Then, as suddenly as he had appeared as a candidate, Doctor Joy withdrew from the fight.

Officially, no reason was given, but it was ascribed unofficially to a secret straw vote. This had showed an overwhelming majority of votes for Doctor Eliot. In any case, the St. Paul minister—humanist or no—won hands down.

Commented *The Christian Register*, Unitarian organ (Boston): "We believe that the election of Doctor Eliot as President and Doctor Joy's withdrawal from the contest has no significance. We believe, however, that they do indicate a growing solidarity in the Unitarian movement."

Said the undenominational *Christian Century* (Chicago): "Doctor Joy found that most of the theists in his Church were unwilling to follow him into a theological battle and to avoid it were lining up in support of the 'humanist,' Doctor Eliot. To prevent a mere contest of personalities, his withdrawal followed."

* Unitarians hold that final authority in religion comes from the essence of God in man, not from the Church (Catholic dogma) or the Bible (Protestant). There is no dogma, no set creed. Members organize into a church voluntarily, worship in various ways, insist on absolute freedom of thought and belief, relegate all forms, ceremonies and creeds to a secondary position. To them Jesus was a man—not a deity—through whom the world has learned much about God.

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Sports

DUDE RANCHERS' BOOTS AND SADDLES

Eastern Cowboys Ride Hard, Eat Heartily and Pay Plenty

I'm an old cowhand,
From the Rio Grande.
But my legs ain't bowed,
And my cheeks ain't tanned. . . .

Thus, last month, in sweltering London night-clubs and along Coronation-crowded streets, many a junketing barber-shop quartet amused Britons with off-key expressions of their nostalgia for the wide open spaces of America.

This week, many unbowed, untanned Easterners headed West in flivvers and Pullman-cars for what have become tremendously popular vacation oases from crowded American night-clubs and streets: dude ranches.

In Wyoming, Montana, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Idaho, Oregon, California and Nevada, dude ranches have developed into a major Western industry. Last year, between 8,000 and 10,000 Americans spent all or part of their vacations on the 200-odd western ranches. This summer ranch-owners expect an even greater volume of business.

Center—Leading dude-ranch States are Wyoming and Montana, with more than 100 ranches representing an investment of approximately $30,000,000. Each ranch accommodates anywhere from five or six guests to 150, the capacity of the Eaton Brothers' ranch at Wolf, Wyoming.

Howard, Willis and Alden Eaton started the whole business inadvertently, back in the early 'eighties, by inviting friends out to Medora, North Dakota, for a taste of wild and woolly Western life. The friends kept coming back for more, eventually insisting on paying their own expenses. The Eaton brothers finally decided to go into the business and moved on to Wyoming at the turn of the century. Business has been booming ever since.

Depending on your requirements, two weeks on a dude ranch will cost from $75 to $150, which includes meals, lodging and the use of a horse. Traveling expenses, of course, are extra. So are clothes.

Moniker—Dudes got their name, incidentally, from the tricky Central Park riding-outfits they used to bring West. They're still called "dudes," even tho they wear "standard" Western ranch clothes (from Fifth Avenue shops).

Regulation outfit consists of a ten-gallon hat (approximately $7), shirt (35c to $5), blue jeans ($2 a pair) and high-heeled cowboy boots ($12 to $18). The average dude doesn't need, nor buy, the expensive leather chaps.

Dude activity on most ranches starts with the getting-up bell at 7:30 and breakfast at 8. After breakfast, everybody piles down to the corral to watch the horses being caught and saddled. A dude keeps the same horse, bridle and saddle throughout his stay.

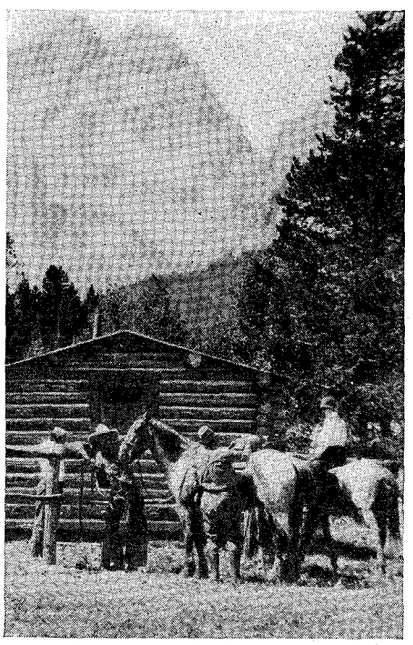
Horseback riding, naturally, is the favorite sport. But some of the larger ranches offer golf-links, tennis-courts and elaborate swimming-pools. Fishing and hunting get a good play on all ranches.

No Sissies—A major source of complaint to ranch-owners is the impression that their old-fashioned cow-punchers have been replaced by Hollywood-type cowboys whose major usefulness is singing Western ballads and playing gigolo. It isn't true.

Dude wranglers (technically, herders) have to know the country and the horses to be of any service in guiding trail-riders on pack-trips through the mountains. They also have to be able to answer 1,000,001 questions about fish, flowers, cattle and cooking.

Some of the hands go East in the winter for the big rodeos. Many of them stay on through the off-season to take care of the stock and help get the ranch in shape for next summer's crop of dudes. On most of the dude ranches, the raising of sheep or cattle is a side-line.

With the recent surge in skiing enthusiasm, many Western dude ranches are staying open for the winter trade. The Valley Ranch, at Valley, Wyoming, one of the largest, also operates a boys' preparatory school from October to June.



Acme

Dudes make ready to hit the trail on a Western ranch

LIFE-SAVING: Every One Should Swim by Safety Rules and Know Rescue Methods

Little known is the fact that more Americans die from drowning every year than from any other accidental cause except automobile mishaps and falls.*

Most of this year's 7,000 drownings will occur in July and August, matching newspaper linage during those two months with automobile fatalities. Most of the swimmers will drown within twenty

*Accidental deaths in 1935, according to the latest Bureau of the Census report: automobile, 34,183; traumatism by fall, 24,520; drowning, 7,108.

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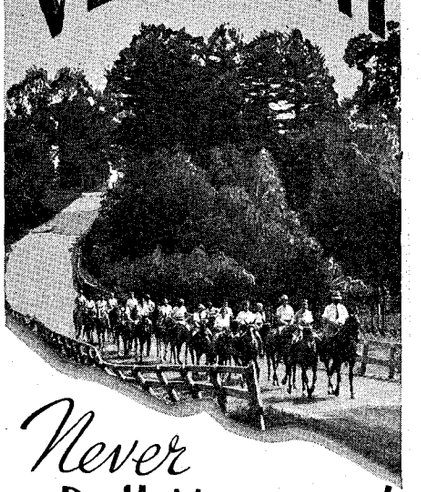

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MORNING AFTER
LAST YEAR MY UP-SET STOMACH ALMOST SPOILED OUR TRIP
NOW WE PACK ALKA-SELTZER IN OUR LITTLE GRIP
UPSET STOMACH
NEXT TIME I HAVE A HEADACHE, I'LL KNOW JUST WHAT TO TAKE
FOR HEADACHES, ALKA-SELTZER SURELY TAKES THE CAKE
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Crime, Crooks and Cops

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or thirty feet of safety. Most of the deaths could be prevented.

This week, as warm weather sent millions of week-enders and early vacationists trooping off to seashore, lake and river, the American Red Cross Life Saving Service, largest organization of its kind in the world, launched its twenty-third annual campaign of prevention.

Cut—Since 1915, almost 750,000 people have passed Red Cross swimming and life-saving tests. During that time, the drowning death-rate has dropped from 10 per 100,000 population to fewer than six.

The major shot in the Red Cross's multibarreled campaign against drowning is the encouraging and teaching of swimming and the recommending and installing of safety regulations. Second most effective weapon is the education of American swimmers in latest rescue and artificial respiration methods.

Long outmoded is the Spartan theory that the best way to teach *Junior* to swim is to throw him into deep water and make him dog-paddle himself to shore. *Junior* probably will reach shore, but he may be terrified by water for the rest of his life.

Two hundred years ago Benjamin Franklin, the best swimming instructor of his day, wrote:

"You will be no swimmer till you can place some confidence in the power of the water to support you. I would therefore advise the acquiring (of) that confidence in the first place."

Style—Along with confidence and an appreciation of the dangers inherent in swimming, *Junior* naturally has to acquire the correct strokes. After he passes the dog-paddle stage, he'll probably want to learn the American crawl, fastest and most popular of the four (crawl, side, breast and back) basic strokes.

Greatest exponent of the American crawl is Johnny Weissmuller, erstwhile film Tarzan. With it, in 1924, Weissmuller held all the world's records up to 500 meters.

First step in learning the American crawl is to practise floating face down. In breast-deep water, hold your arms over your head in a diving position. Take a deep breath, lean forward and shove off. Coast and float as long as you can hold your breath.

The second step is the crawl-kick. Like the others, it should be practised independently. The crawl- or flutter-kick, is a short, even, up-and-down movement of the legs from the hips. Power originates in the lower trunk-muscles.

Kick—The legs are extended, but not tense. The feet are turned in, in pigeon-toed manner. Ankles should not be more than twelve inches apart. Heels should be just beneath the surface.

Third step is the arm-stroke. Extend the right arm forward, with the elbow higher than the hand. Keep the hand in line with your ear, then pull it down through the water under the body to the thigh. When the hand reaches the thigh, extend the arm straight to the rear. Follow through and start over.

The movement is identical for both arms, working alternately. While the right arm is extended, the left is finishing its pull. Keep fingers and thumb closed and the hand flat, not cupped. Cut the water. Don't slap it.

Breathing technique is very important in the crawl. It's almost the opposite of normal breathing. Between strokes, pivot the head and inhale through the mouth. Exhale, through the nose, under water.

The most difficult feature of the crawl is the coordination of arm-strokes and leg-kicks. Some experts recommend six, others eight, others ten down-strokes of the legs while the arms are making one complete revolution. Start the crawl from a "face-float" position. Get the legs going first, then begin the arm-movement.

Safety—Whatever style of swimming you adopt, never go in the water until at least two hours after meals. You may get stomach-cramps, directly responsible for many drownings every year.

Muscle-cramps sometimes hit swimmers. Aside from fright, they usually don't affect them so seriously as to make them helpless. If you get a cramp in the calf of your leg, duck under water and pinch the cramped muscle with both hands as quickly and as tightly as you can. The cramp usually will disappear.

No matter how strong a swimmer you are, don't swim far out unless accompanied by a boat. Too much self-confidence is dangerous and is responsible for many fatalities.

The popular notion that a person comes up three times before drowning is a fallacy. Depending on various conditions, he may come up many times, or not at all.

It's best to approach a drowning person from the rear. If he's struggling violently, don't try to knock him cold. It's almost impossible in the water. It's better to wait until he exhausts himself before trying to carry him to safety.

Many swimmers die after being rescued, say Red Cross officials, because no one on shore will attempt artificial respiration. A person may have been under water thirty minutes and still be revived. Resuscitation should start the instant he is taken out of the water.

Because it is very effective and easily learned, the Red Cross recommends the prone-pressure method of artificial respiration:

1. Lay the patient face down (preferably with his head down-hill) and with one arm extended directly forward. Bend the other arm at the elbow and rest his cheek on the back of his hand, mouth toward finger-tips. Loosen his clothing. Make sure there is no obstruction to breathing.
2. Kneel, facing forward, and straddle the

Acme

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patient's right or left leg, or both legs, at the thigh.

3. At count 1, place your hands on each side of his back, just above the belt-line, with your wrists four inches apart. Keep thumb and fingers together. Your little finger should follow the line of his lowest ribs.

4. On count 2, with your arms straight (no bend at the elbows) swing the weight of your body forward until your shoulders are directly over your hands.

5. On count 3, snap your hands sidewise and back off the patient. At the same time, swing your relaxed body back to a resting point on your heels.

6. Count 4 and 5. This makes one complete respiration.

To time each respiration (about twelve a minute), repeat during the period of pressure:

"Out goes the bad air." Snap your hands away and repeat during the period of release: "In comes the good."

Continue artificial respiration without interruption, even four hours or longer, or until natural breathing begins, or until a physician declares the patient is dead.

Often, after a temporary recovery of respiration, the patient stops breathing again. If he does, resume artificial respiration at once.

"It is a known fact that education and prevention are responsible for the saving of more lives than all the life-guards in the world," says Capt. Charles B. Scully, Director of Life Saving, New York Chapter of the American Red Cross.

"Be your own life-saver by playing safe."

SPORT SHOTS

In New York City's Yankee Stadium last week, Gordon Stanley ("Mickey") Cochrane, thirty-four-year-old catcher, Manager, and Vice-President of the Detroit Tigers, was struck on the right temple by a fast ball pitched by Irving ("Bump") Hadley.

X-rays revealed a triple skull-fracture which threatened the brilliant career of the Detroit player and almost certainly will keep him on the inactive list for the rest of this season.

Players and spectators exonerated Pitcher Hadley of any blame for baseball's most serious injury this year. They believe glare caused Cochrane to lose sight of the ball, a high, inside pitch, when it was a few feet away.

* * *

Bound for the first international winter-sport event ever held south of the equator, six American skiers will sail next week for the Chilean Andes. They will compete against Chilean and Argentine skiers in the Pan-American down-hill championships at Farallones, near Santiago.

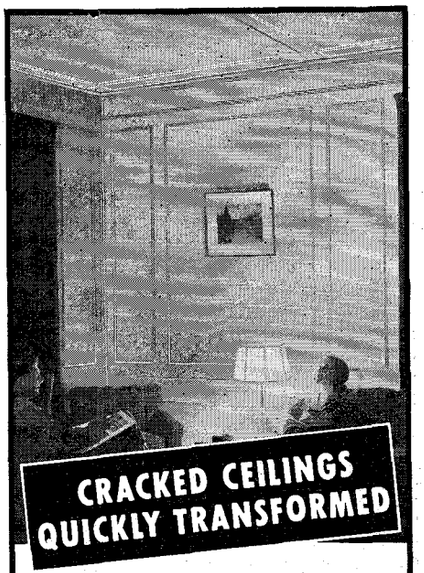
* * *

Crocodile-hunting on the Guayas river, Ecuador, has developed into an organized sport for Americans cruising in southern waters. Launches carry shooting parties far up the jungle river. Native guides sight the crocodiles and native boys jump overboard to retrieve the game for the hunters.

* * *

Doggy—Under construction on a 750-acre estate in Surrey, England, is a $1,250,000 dog city, where 2,000 racing greyhounds will live in air-conditioned, centrally-heated kennels.

The city, founded by the Greyhound Racing Association, will include the world's largest dog-hospital, with ultraviolet-ray and dental X-ray departments and a laboratory garden for determining the ideal vegetables for greyhounds.



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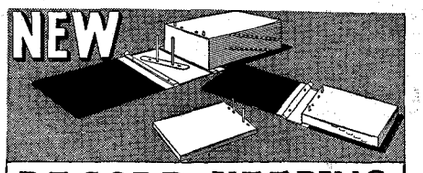

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FARMERS TO REAP BIG CASH HARVEST

But Grasshoppers Dim Brightest Farm Picture Since War

In Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and other Corn-Belt States, the farmer sloshed last week through rain-drenched fields, sweated to hasten the corn-crop into the soil. His winter wheat-belt neighbor looked out upon the burgeoning acres which promised a bumper wheat-crop in July, tried to shut out of his mind the nightmare of 1936 when drought parched his fields and burned one-quarter of his wheat.

Spring rains had washed away the spine-chilling fear of drought. Partly, too, they washed away the fear of insect plagues. Last year, armies of grasshoppers blotted out the Midwest sun for hours, mowed down whole fields of standing grain in the eight Northwestern States, riddled corn-stalks, chewed up ears of corn on thousands of acres. They even chewed wooden handles and seats of farm equipment. A mild winter permitted them to survive and when spring rolled around this year, the soil teemed with their larvae. Farmers are preparing to mix bran with poison and scatter the mixture over their fields. That and the rains will remove much of the menace, tho some danger still exists.

Photo by Manatt © International

Golden wheat will be piled higher than ever as this year's harvest hits a new record

When not worrying about pests, the farmer's mind turns mostly to Washington. There, Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace and the New Deal are hammering together and soon may introduce legislation to answer the agricultural West's growing determination to obtain some measure of stability in farm prices, so that prices will rise when merchandise prices increase and fall only as other prices fall.

Stability—To farmers, this sort of stability is known as "parity" and parity prices are defined as the pre-War purchasing-power of farm products in terms of goods which the farmer must buy. The Farm Omnibus Bill, taking shape in Washington, would achieve stability by automatically raising and lowering import duties on wheat, cotton, corn, rice and tobacco when agricultural prices threatened to go too far above or too far below parity.

As important to farmers as parity is the ever-normal granary principle of Secretary Wallace. Copying the plan by which Joseph averted famine in Egypt, the Secretary would have the Government accumulate grain during fat years, store it for lean years.

If the farmer gets behind his leaders in the drive to convince Congress that parity and the ever-normal granary are what he wants, he may get them before Congress adjourns for the summer. If he gets these two he probably also will get direct production control through the prohibitive taxation principle on sales in excess of individual quota allotments and contracts to curtail tillable acreage up to 20 per cent.

Whether the farmer wants all these is another matter. The thing that bothers him most is that the proposed legislation, particularly the regulatory provisions, impose obligations that he never dreamed would be asked of him when he fell in behind Secretary Wallace's control program.

Rain on their soil and bustling activity on their behalf in Washington opened the 1937 farming year auspiciously for America's 10,400,000 growers of corn, wheat, hogs and beef. The year's close promised to be even better.

Upping—First, government sources assured the farmer he could expect an estimated $8,655,000,000 income this year—an increase of $790,000,000 over last. He would reap this harvest of cash—the best since the War—because the Government would pay him more than $700,000,000 as part of its soil-conservation program; spring and winter wheat would approximate 950,000,000 bushels, which is a cool 300,000,000 bushels more than the yield of 1936; the shortage of live stock and poultry would bring higher prices and consumers would have more money to spend.

From the point of view of farm income, the year got off to a bright start. Marketing of crops and live stock poured $1,700,000,000 into farmers' jeans during the first quarter. Government soil-conservation subsidies boosted this figure to $1,900,000,000 and topped the 1936 first-quarter income by 16 per cent.

Now the prospect of heavy wheat yields holds out the possibility of wheat exports for the first time since 1931. The United States ranks second only to Russia as a wheat producer and America once held an important position as filler of the world's bread-baskets. Yet, last year, America imported wheat, bringing in 30,000,000 bushels from Canada to supplement the 630,000,000-bushel domestic production.

If the winter yield comes up to Government estimates, that alone will be sufficient to meet internal demands. Some 300,000,000 bushels of spring wheat then may be free for export in the world market and holds of Uncle Sam's merchant marine again may groan with grain.

LADY SWINDLERS: Unlike Men, They Keep Secrets; Like Men, Their Average Age is 36

When the woman embezzler dips her fingers into her boss's till, she is likely to lift an average $1,000. While this is a more modest taking than the average $6,000 male defalcation, women peculators can outdo the men. One lady swindler (a treasurer of an Oklahoma investment-banking firm) took $250,000.

Like the average male defaulter, she is married and her age averages thirty-six. Between the male and female swindler there is, however, one difference. The woman can keep a secret. Seldom do employers or police wring from her where the stolen money went.

Last week, the $45,000,000 United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of Baltimore placed 400 women defaulters under a statistician's magnifying glass and discovered:

Altho her age approximates thirty-six, the woman embezzler can be as young as nineteen or as old as seventy-eight, is likely to be employed in a mercantile establishment (stores mostly), has not gotten beyond high school. (Not one of the United States Fidelity and Guaranty's 400 surveyed lady embezzlers holds a college degree.)

Trust—Because she has held her job an average of five and one-half years, is able and intelligent, her boss has confidence in her. She has a well-established home and a husband. There, sometimes, is the rub. The husband either is jobless or, if employed, is inadequately paid or is irresponsible altogether.

The average woman defaulter earns $97 a month. If she holds public office—a job as postmistress or as county auditor—her salary often tops $5,000. (The average male defaulter earns $175 monthly.) Unlike the male, the lady embezzler is likely to share her loot with other employees. Unlike the male, also, she is likely to light out when her peculations are discovered.

One of every ten women defaulters runs

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away. Only two of every 100 male embezzlers abscond. Seldom will a woman defaulter commit suicide. The male often may do so. Often, when feminine peculators run away, they take their husbands with them. Sometimes, they become marital swindlers, take other women's husbands.

Why do women embezzlers risk disgrace and imprisonment by stealing from their bosses? Usually the female embezzler never intended to steal. To her, the peculations merely were "borrowings." She was able, as a rule, to "borrow" for one and one-half years before being found out. (One of the Fidelity and Guaranty's "400" manipulated her accounts, unnoticed, for twelve years. Another stole the first day she went to work.)

"Loans"—One of every four women embezzlers is driven to "borrow" from her boss by living beyond her means. One of every five steals to provide living expenses at home. While fully 26 per cent. of male defaulters speculate, gamble or tipple their way into debt and embezzlement, only 4 per cent. of women defalcators steal because of gambling (horses, numbers, card games). Seven per cent. embezzle to obtain money for tippling and another 4 per cent. steal to buy clothes. Drink, gambling and speculation are minor causes.

Other reasons are: To buy an automobile for a "boy friend"; to even matters with the boss for a dismissal; to give the money to a son; to buy a wooden leg for a husband.

Since insurance companies bond, roughly, five women to every 100 men, it is difficult to discover whether the weaker sex is stronger in resisting temptation. Statisticians declare neither sex has a monopoly on honesty, nor on the ingenuity with which swindles are manipulated.

To embezzlers—both male and female—American business annually pays a tribute of $200,000,000. Of every 100 business failures, seven can be traced to embezzlement and larceny.

NEWSPRINT: Irate Publishers Look South as Paper Costs Await 18% Boost

To supply the 97,500 tons of newsprint consumed yearly in publishing *The New York Times*, lumberjacks in Canada, Finland, Maine and elsewhere level some thirty-six square miles of spruce forest. At the current $42.50 per ton price, this newsprint costs *The Times* $4,120,000 for its some 512,033 copies daily, 788,394 Sundays in the course of a year.

Next January 1, the newsprint price will leap $7.50 a ton, will boost *The Times's* publishing costs an approximate $730,000 yearly. Faced by similar 18 per cent. boosts in a commodity which constitutes between one-fourth and one-third of their total operating costs, publishers throughout the country last week stormed against the $1,000,000,000 Canadian and American-owned northern newsprint industry, cast anxious eyes to the American South and impatiently awaited the development of newsprint production there that would break "the Canadian monopoly."

Protests of American publishers against contemplated increase in newsprint prices seemed futile, for the time being at least. Executives of the International Paper and Power Co., largest paper-making organization in the world, and of the Crown Zellerbach Corp., second most important manufacturer, and other producers know that their industry is enjoying a seller's market, that the seller can dictate the terms.

Demand—One reason for the seller's market is the spurting world demand. In Great Britain, which is second only to Canada as a newsprint producer, publishers of provincial papers declare that increasing newsprint prices may force them out of business. Japan, Australia, South America all clamor for newsprint. In America, similarly, increasing newspaper circulation and rising advertising revenues are advancing the demand. (Circulation is five per cent. above the 1929 peak level. Advertising linage is but 11 per cent. short of the 1929 peak.)

To defend their increase, newsprint men protest that their industry has been depressed for years, that newsprint is one of the few world commodities which has not as yet regained its predepression levels. (In contrast to the current $42.50 price, newsprint stood at $67.50 in 1928, $76.80 in 1925.) Overexpansion of plant to cash in on relatively high prices of the '20's had dumped tons of unwanted newsprint on the market and kicked the props from under prices. (In 1932, 1933 and 1934 International Paper and Power, for example, ran up a whopping deficit of $18,000,000.)

Concerning the threat of low-price competition from the South and of the publishers' avowed intention to favor prospective Southern newsprint producers, Northern paper manufacturers say little.

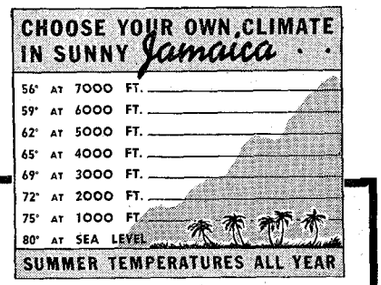
Capital—They know, first, that operating a newsprint plant is not an enterprise for a modest purse. Setting up a mill requires a $30,000 to $40,000 investment for every ton of daily capacity. And since the smallest capacity at which a plant can run is about 150 tons daily, a minimum $4,500,000 investment is required. Organization of a Southern newsprint industry, therefore, would require several hundred millions of capital.

Champions of Southern newsprint argue that the need for this relatively large amount of capital should not retard the development of newsprint production in Dixie.

Dr. Charles M. Herty, head of the Savannah Pulp and Paper Laboratory and stanchest proponent of Southern newsprint, has pointed out that the South, with its 200,000,000 acres of pine, is much more richly endowed than Canada. That Canada, with its meager home demand for newsprint, should lead the word with a 3,192,000-ton production of newsprint irks Doctor Herty. What irks him still more is that America supplies only one-third of its newsprint needs, and yet wilfully neglects the possibly cheaper newsprint promised in the South.

Wrappers—Already, Southern mills are producing the bulk of America's kraft paper (the strong brown paper used for bags and wrapping). But no newsprint has as yet come from the South, because paper-makers object that the Southern pine has an overabundance of pitch. To this Doctor Herty answers that pitch is not a natural product, but is to be found only in old, ill trees. Trees under twenty-five years are relatively free from pitch.

Observers believe that manufacture of newsprint in the South is inevitable. For one thing, newsprint from Southern pine can be manufactured at an estimated $27 per ton (about this figure there is a great deal of dispute) as against the $47 average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HISTORY — 200,000 ultra satisfied BELLO Blade-a-Year Sharpener users in 9 years. A Keen Bellofized Blade saves one-half the Shaving Time — Saves $5 cost quickly — Saves daily Painful Pulling. Still the Best Possible; Fastest and Cheapest. Consider $15 Clippers too. No Beard skipping BELLO shaves. Hot lather cleans the pores.
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Almost a LONE Survivor Users tell others who also buy BY MAIL!

WORLD FAMOUS $5 BELLO SHARPENER (Gillette Type Only) for $3 and an old stropper

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cost to the Northern producer. For another thing, the $170,000,000 which America annually pays to Canada for newsprint is a rich prize which eventually might lure the needed capital.

Buoying up hopes of those who would like to see a newsprint industry take root in the South is the Southland Paper Mills, Inc., organized recently with Texas capital to operate the South's first newsprint mill. Southern publishers are watching the new company's progress anxiously, but the company has not as yet emerged from the survey stage.

PRESTO: Stunts, Inc., Sells Conjurers' Secrets, Does Magic With Sales Promotion

Fifty angry New York members of the American Society of Magicians turned a fortnight ago upon a mild-mannered, shortish fellow sorcerer. The cause for their rage was that the shortish fellow wizard, who incidentally was their President, literally was scattering their magic to the four winds, was doing a flourishing business selling conjurers' secrets to whoever would buy.

The necromancer under attack stood up to his full five feet, seven inches, called upon a name sacred to all wizards to defend his position. Didn't the great Harry Houdini himself conduct the "Red Magic" section of the old New York *World*? Then what was wrong in selling simple legerdemain and making the country "magic conscious"?

Fellow conjurers decided there was nothing wrong with it after all, reelected the man who had stirred their wrath, Julien J. Proskauer, as President. That victory won, Proskauer turned with a clear mind to the cause of the rumpus, Stunts, Inc., of which he is President, and which he expects will gross $1,500,000 this year by teaching business how to increase sales with magic.

Tricks—Stunts, Inc., describes itself as an "idea headquarters," invites national advertisers and agencies to avail themselves of its cards that vanish in thin air, dice that change their spots, eggs that stand on end—which can be given away as premiums.

For Seagram Distillers' Corporation (the liquor industry is Stunts' best customer) Proskauer conjured up 6,500,000 magic cards. With them a person can "wow" a party by guessing ages of guests. For Seagram's Silver Dollar whisky, Proskauer dug into his bag of tricks, came up with a mystery dubbed "Hit the Spot." This trick consists of covering a card by dropping three "silver dollars" on it.

Proskauer's magic helped Lehn & Fink, Inc., sell 3,000,000 tubes of Pebeco toothpaste. More than 250,000 children learned to pass a coin through a hat, to make matches "talk" and to make a lump of sugar float in a cup of cocoa by sending in a Pebeco carton and receiving in exchange an "Eddie Cantor Book of Magic."

Future—Lipton's tea happily combined magic with tea sales, bought 1,500,000 Proskauer booklets which taught tea-sippers "how to tell fortunes" from tea-leaves.

Latest assignment for necromancy is to sell Buick automobiles. New York Buick dealers have bought 1,000,000 cards from Stunts, Inc. Amateur magicians can astound friends by causing these cards to "shrink" in their palms. The cards are expected to interest drivers in Buick cars and increase sales.

The demand is for new and novel magic, but one of the best sellers is the old "T" puzzle—four pieces of cardboard to be put together in the shape of a "T." Proskauer has sold more than 25,000,000 of these in seven years, the sales totaling $400,000.

In the past three years of supplying magic for business, the President of Stunts, Inc., has sold 35,000,000 pieces of sorcery equipment, can at a moment's notice dig into his sorcerer's cupboard to produce millions more.

This sorcerer's cupboard is at Bridgeport, Connecticut, consists of a closely guarded fireproof and burglar-proof pit twenty feet deep, dug beneath the company's manufacturing and shipping factory there. Locked in this pit are 450 "charms"—magical secrets practised by the world's leading necromancers.

One secret, Stunts, Inc., ruefully admits,

Courtesy Stunts, Inc.

"Take a card, please" . . . Business man Julien Proskauer relaxes with sleight-of-hand

is not there—how Harry Houdini escaped from a tank of water into which he had been plunged head-down and handcuffed. Proskauer believes Houdini carried that secret to his grave.

Start—Stunts, Inc., was born modestly as the stunts and tricks department of William C. Popper & Co., New York printers, of which Proskauer also is President. Last year, the department accounted for $450,000 in sales. Conceiving and selling ideas that would bring printing business to Popper & Co. first aroused Proskauer's interest in commercial magic seven years ago. Production of some magic paraphernalia required more than printing. This production Proskauer turned over to his friend, Robert Sherman, a retired magician known professionally as Sherms, who had a wood-and-metal factory at Bridgeport. Sherms is Vice-President of Stunts, Inc.

Stunts, Inc., employs about 100 clerks and craftsmen both in the New York office at 148 Lafayette Street and the Bridgeport factory. Pride of the staff are five "stunt-men" (salesmen) who roam the country like the Magi, ballyhooing magic and astonishing prospective customers with sleight-of-hand taught them by Proskauer.

As a boy of seven Proskauer saw Houdini squirm from handcuffs and fetters, determined to equal the escape artist. At forty-three, he is an authority on magic, is said, for example, to be the only magician, except Houdini, to escape from a water-filled, securely locked milk-can.

Proskauer once served as city editor of the Canton (Ohio) *Daily News*, is a crack pistol shot.

As a magician, Proskauer often is called upon to pull rabbits out of hats at parties. Wearying of such bus-man's holidays, he taught magic to his two daughters. Now they perform for guests.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

Because the Ford Motor Company is closely held, therefore issuing no annual statements, little would be known about its corporate affairs unless it registered a stock issue with the Securities and Exchange Commission, or otherwise reported to some State or Federal agency. Such a report was made last week under the Massachusetts law, which requires corporations doing business there to report annual earnings and sales to its Commissioner of Corporations and Taxation. The company's report to the State revealed these salient facts: Ford profits totaled $26,426,698 in 1936, which means $7.65 on each of the 3,452,900 shares held by the Company's three stockholders, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford and their son Edsel. The Ford Company has not always made money. In 1931, 1932 and 1933 it lost an estimated $127,000,000 when Chevrolet and Plymouth cars crowded it for leadership in the low-priced-car field. In a Ford "Symphony Hour" broadcast two months ago, William J. Cameron, Ford Vice-President, revealed that dividends paid the Ford family during the past ten years totaled $50,000,000.

* * *

Tanned after a four-month jaunt through Europe, Walter Faust, General Manager of the Standard-Vacuum Oil Company, Inc., arrived in New York aboard the French liner *Paris* last week in time for the annual meeting of stockholders at which net earnings of $12,900,000 for the first three months of this year were announced. (Last year's same quarter: $7,160,000.) Aboard ship, Mr. Faust told newsmen his company expected soon to complete negotiations with Italy to drill for oil in that country's newly-acquired Ethiopia. Less hopeful, however, was John A. Brown, President of the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, which, with the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, jointly formed Standard-Vacuum to open foreign wells and markets. Said Mr. Brown to Standard-Vacuum stockholders: "There may have been some discussions between the A.G.I.P. (a petroleum organization in which the Italian Government has an interest) and Standard-Vacuum, but nothing definite has come of them." Standard-Vacuum had obtained a concession from Haile Selassie to develop oil-lands in Ethiopia, but canceled it because of the Italo-Ethiopian conflict.

* * *

Visioning unexpected revenues from 1,000,000 tons of sugar tops they now destroy annually as waste, Louisiana cane-sugar producers last week announced they were testing cane tops as a possible source of raw material for motor-fuel alcohol.

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Mail

(Continued from page 1)

marriage. Below are samples of the cases brought out at our discussion:

Girl 1.—Married six years. Husband earns $900 yearly as a bookkeeper in a very large firm which prefers married men. She earns about the same, is a high-school graduate and very well read. Both want a family but can not have one until their income is more secure.

Girl 2.—A high-school graduate, about twenty-nine and newly wed. She earns about $1,000 yearly and knows she will be unable to quit for some years. Her husband, a high-school graduate with some survey knowledge, is employed as a mechanic and earns somewhat less than his wife.

Girl 3.—Depression victim. Husband at one time a $6,000-a-year man with excellent prospects. He now earns about $1,000; his wife has returned to work to save enough to have a family. They are about thirty-five and thirty, respectively. It almost breaks this chap's heart to see his wife work.

Girl 4.—Thirty-two, has high-school and business-school training and a nice office job. She can not get married because her firm does not employ married women. Her fiancé receives a poor salary and has no prospects.

Girl 5.—Has had high-school and business-school training and is twenty-six. Her husband, a mechanic, earns approximately $1,000. They both want a "decent home" and children but can not afford them.

Girl 6.—Quit her job shortly after marriage to have a child. The husband lost his job during the depression; they are on relief. It is the writer's opinion that the marriage will break up, for the spirit of both husband and wife is broken.

These are not cases where education is lacking but, rather, typical young American depression victims.

The reason for these young wives working at poorly paid or non-professional jobs should be evident: When living-wages are paid to marriageable men, women automatically will stop working in numbers sufficient to be noticeable. Reading, Pennsylvania.

The Honorable Profession

By C. ANDERSEN—

Whidden Guahain, terming the Norse Vikings pirates and bandits in his letter in your issue of May 15, seems to forget that, eleven centuries ago, soldiering was as honorable an occupation as any professional occupation to-day.

The Vikings were no more bandits and pirates than the legions of Alexander and Cæsar.

Also, in my opinion, the conquests of the Norse warriors compare favorably with such recent aggressions as, for example, the Italian invasion of Ethiopia and other "colonial expeditions," as these outrages are so delicately termed in our enlightened and civilized era. Brooklyn, New York.

Frame Houses

By FRAZIER FORMAN PETERS—

I want to thank you for the most complete review of my book, "Without Benefit of Architect," in your issue of March 6. I regret, however, that you did not go a bit further and complete my thought on frame buildings as a whole. Some of your readers, it seems, believed that a general condemnation of lumber was intended.

Frame buildings, as THE DIGEST quoted my book, are subject to rot, termites and destruction by fire—as ordinarily built. What your reviewer did not include was the qualifying statement: "On the other hand, well-built, they can be immunized against termites, can be made fire-resistant, will last from fifty to 100 years."

That *petite* difference, of course, is the reason for architects and books of advice to home-builders. New York City.

"WONDER IF THE JUDGE WAS LOOKING WHEN HE THREW THAT?"

—Hutton in Philadelphia Inquirer

No Correction

By S. MILES BOUTON—

For some time, I have been intending to remonstrate with you about the corduroy-road style of English which THE DIGEST is affecting. But that can wait, for you seem to be proud of it and hence there will be opportunity to refer to it later.

To-day I write about the chop-suey German of the May 8 DIGEST. During many years' residence abroad I was often irritated by the fact that the newspapers there rarely printed foreign phrases correctly. Here I find that American newspapers and periodicals *never print* them correctly.

You report Mayor LaGuardia as saying: *"Ich kenn die drei Menschen—der Schlag zoll zei nehmen."*

LaGuardia, who knows German, undoubtedly said: *"Ich kenne (or kenn') die drei Menschen—der Schlag sollsie nehmen."* Ashville, New York.

If Mr. Bouton will turn once more to the article in question, he will find that we said, in our own inimitable corduroy-road style: "Fiorello LaGuardia . . . remarked in Yiddish last week," *etc.* The differences between Yiddish and German are slight, but not to be slighted. —*Editor.*

"ONE ROYAL FAMILY WAS THERE"

—Talburt in New York World-Telegram

Correction

By W. L. FOUSHEE—

In your issue of May 8, in speaking of the passing of William Jennings Bryan, you say, "a generation arose that knew not Jacob."

Our speech and literature is shot through with Biblical allusions giving it a distinctive charm. If I am correctly informed, the basis of the above quotation is from the first chapter of Exodus: "There arose up a new King of Egypt, which knew not Joseph." The history of Joseph gives this a picturesque meaning. The phrase would have none with reference to Jacob. Durham, North Carolina.

Mr. Foushee is right: Joseph it is. THE DIGEST regrets a careless mistake.—*Editor.*

By FLORENCE PIERSON, Secretary to Kenneth Groesbeck—

Before leaving on a trip to Detroit, Mr. Groesbeck asked me to write you to call to your attention the fact that you mention him in your May 22 issue as "Vice-President of McCann-Erickson."

Mr. Groesbeck has been associated with Ruthrauff & Ryan, Inc., for over a year and, under these circumstances, he will appreciate your retracting the above statement. New York City.

Mr. Groesbeck's title was taken from *Advertising & Selling* for July 20, 1933. We are sorry the writer did not check on it.—*Editor.*

Liberal View-Point

By E. J. BARRINGER—

Altho, like all persons, I frequently feel the urge to reply to stimulating articles in

"DISTRACTING, TO SAY THE LEAST!"

—Elderman in Washington Post

THE LITERARY DIGEST, until now I have been able to resist. What I can not resist, however, is the letter of David Page in the May 8 issue.

Clear the decks, Mr. Page! A formidable enemy is appearing on your horizon. For several years now, "Every Man a King" clubs and "One Man a King" *kotowers* have sailed a merry course making gibes now and then in the direction of a very busy little man plodding along tending his own business trying to perfect the democratic institutions some one envisioned some 2,000 years ago.

"That fellow is a blunderer, inconsistent, directionless, a softie, impotent," run the sallies of the extremists. But I warn you, Mr. Page and all, the liberal's patience is ebbing. With all the liberal's sincerity and lack of emotion, I ask you to study carefully that passage written July 4, 1776, which begins: "We hold these truths to be self-evident. . . ."

I believe it is safe to say the passage was not written by either the radically progressive or radically retrogressive. (Conservative is not the name to apply to your club, Mr. Page.) In the "Declaration" are hundreds of years of struggle and philosophy. It was just one of the mile-stones with a little clearer inscription than some of the others. It is some 150 year-miles back.

Clear the decks, Mr. Page! If we have to plant another mile-stone, like those of the past, it will bear our label. Manchester, New Hampshire.

Coronation Stone

By ANTON DARMS—

In your issue of May 15, you published a picture of the Coronation Chair with the statement that this chair bears under its seat "the Stone of Destiny, which is the historic Coronation relic of the Scottish Kings and the legendary pillow on which the Patriarch Jacob slept."

The only reason the Coronation stone is called the "Stone of Destiny" is the superstitious belief that Great Britain is the Stone Kingdom which is to rule the world, as set forth in the prophecy of Daniel.

This belief, based solely on myth and legend, teaches that the stone was the one Jacob used as a pillow at Bethel; that it was the stone Moses smote in the wilderness; that it was the stone used in the crowning of the Kings of Judah. These beliefs have no historic foundation. Even Dean Stanley could trace the history of the Coronation stone back no further than the fourteenth century.

The Coronation stone is red sandstone and, since Palestine has only white sandstone, could not have come from the region of Bethel. More credence could be placed in the story of the stone on exhibit in a Moslem schoolhouse at Bethel which is of white sandstone taken from that very locality and which also is said to be the stone used by Jacob as a pillow. Zion, Illinois.

Thanks

By HARRY COWPER (The Sailor Artist)—

The issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST containing the art story in reference to myself just reached me at Chemulpo, Korea, last week. It has followed me from port to port, evidently, just failing to make contact.

Thanks for the accuracy and good-will with which the article was written. Mention in THE DIGEST certainly carries weight. It gives me heart, during my deck-scrubbing and guide activities, to carry on for the masterpiece "just around the corner." Cunard S.S. *Franconia.*

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Collective.—TEACHER: "Name three collective nouns."

TOMMY: "Fly-paper, waste-basket and vacuum-cleaner." — *Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Wear and Tear.—"What! You want four pairs of trousers with this suit?"

"That's right. You see, I've just received a playful St. Bernard as a present." —*Christian Science Monitor.*

Illumination. — THOUGHTFUL FRIEND: "My good man, why don't you take the street-car home?"

ILLUMINATED ONE: "Sh no ushe. My wife wouldn't let me keep it in the houshe."—*The Log (U.S.N.A.).*

Early Model.—MUSICIAN (doing badly): "Ah, gentlemen, if we all 'ad our rights, I should be ridin' in me own carriage."

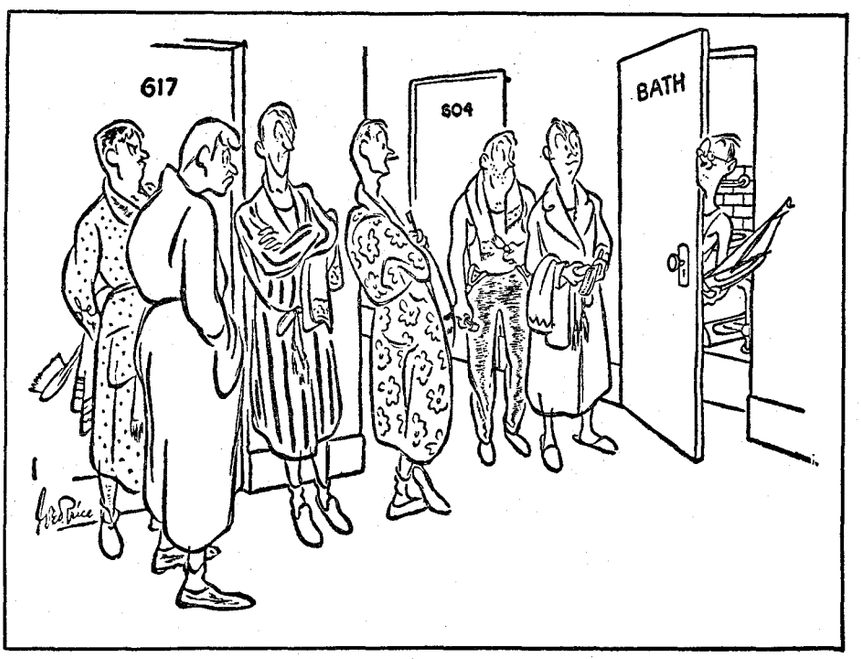
SKEPTIC: "Yes, but your poor mother couldn't push you now."—*Toronto Globe.*

Thus.—VISITOR (in editorial rooms): "What do you use that blue pencil for?"

EDITOR: "Well, to make a long story short, it's to—er—make a long story short."—*The Messenger.*

Alas!—"You can get anything from a mail-order house," remarked the lady next door.

"Everything, alas, but a male," sighed the spinster.—*Providence Journal.*



"ANYBODY HERE KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT SAILBOATS?"

—George Price in Collier's

Welcome Relief. — LITTLE MARY: "Mother, they are going to teach us domestic silence at school now."

MOTHER: "Don't you mean domestic science?"

FATHER: "There is a bare hope our little girl means what she is saying."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Strange.—Little Bobby was sitting with his mother in church during the wedding of her eldest daughter. Half-way through the service, he observed his mother crying.

"Why are you crying, mama?" he asked. "It's not your wedding."—*Ottawa Citizen.*

A Race.—"George," said the bride's mother, "did you send for a doctor?"

"I sent for three," replied the efficiency expert proudly. "Whoever gets here first gets the case."—*Country Gentleman.*

Stretching the Point.—A railroad agent in Africa had been "bawled out" for doing things without orders from headquarters. One day his boss received the following startling telegram:

"Tiger on platform eating conductor. Wire instructions."—*Christian Advocate.*

A Stickler.—Sam had been carpenter at a provincial theater for half a century and the proprietors thought it was time he was retired on a pension. But Sam chose to consider himself insulted by the well-meant offer.

"I wouldn't 'ave took the job at all," he grumbled, "if I 'adn't thought it was goin' to be permanent."—*Vancouver Sun.*

Nature Story. — A tourist traveling through the Texas Panhandle got into conversation with an old settler and his son at a filling-station.

"Looks as tho we might have rain," said the tourist.

"Well, I hope so," replied the native, "not so much for myself as for my boy here. I've seen it rain."—*The Pointer (U.S.M.A.).*

Thoughtful. — A fashionably dressed woman approached the flower-seller and asked for a shilling's worth of blooms. After the purchase she inquired:

"Will you be here next Wednesday, as I shall want some flowers for my daughter? She's coming out that day."

"She shall have the best on the market, ma'am," the woman answered. "What's she in for?"—*The Periscope.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Jose Americo de Almeida—of Brazil—is *zho-zay' ah-mer'i-co* (the appendage is *dee al-may'da*).

Colijn—Premier of Holland—given as *ko'lin.*

Dorrance—President, Campbell Soup Co.—rimes with *Laurence.*

Houghton—ex-ambassador—as if spelled *ho'ton.*

Kruesi—Chattanooga steel-maker—as if spelled *kroo'zy.*

Mussert—Dutch fascist leader—*u* of *puss: muss'ert.*

Plinio Salgado—of Brazil—is called *plee'nyo sal-gah'do.*

Armando Salles de Oliveira—of Brazil—they say, *ar-mahn'do sahl'eez* (and, in print, *dee o-li-vay'ra*).

Theiss—journalist and author—silent *h*, or, *tice.*

Slips That Pass in Type

One of his Duroc Jersey cows presented him with a litter of 15 big, strong, healthy pigs.—*Clay Center (Kan.) paper.*

Each with nine lives?

On especially attractive outfit, consists of light gray flannel suit, pale pink georgette blouse, ankle-length gloves in deeper pink suede.—*Altoona (Pa.) paper.*

But they are only worn to the knees this year, milady.

The other conspirators were rounded up, kicking, shouting. Germs of inestimable value were frisked from their pockets.—*St. Louis paper.*

Save us some choice diphtherias.

WORKERS BUSY
ON INTERIOR OF
AMBASSADOR
—*Washington paper.*

Inside diplomacy.

The Polytechnic Preparatory Country Dry School yesterday conducted its annual exhibition of the manual rats.—*Brooklyn paper.*

Well, they don't have to be so frank about it.

The pair planned to pick up pictures or coronation day and fly back to New York after the ceremonies.—*Philadelphia paper.*

Which ever they've got the most of.

A REGULAR INCOME
For hen of neat appearance selling experience not necessary—*New York paper.*

But don't be too cocksure.

When Hogan reported for spring training, he weighed 275 pounds. He trained studiously, ate sparingly and knocked off 440 pounds.—*Fredericksburg (Va.) paper.*

A mere shadow of his former self.

CUDDY CAN'T SEE HOW BRADDOCK CAN FIGHT LOUIS AND MAX IN SAME MOUTH
Jacksonville (Fla.) paper.

Neither can we.

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$75.00	**$100.00**
$93.75	**$125.00**
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